THE HUMAN TORCH COMICS

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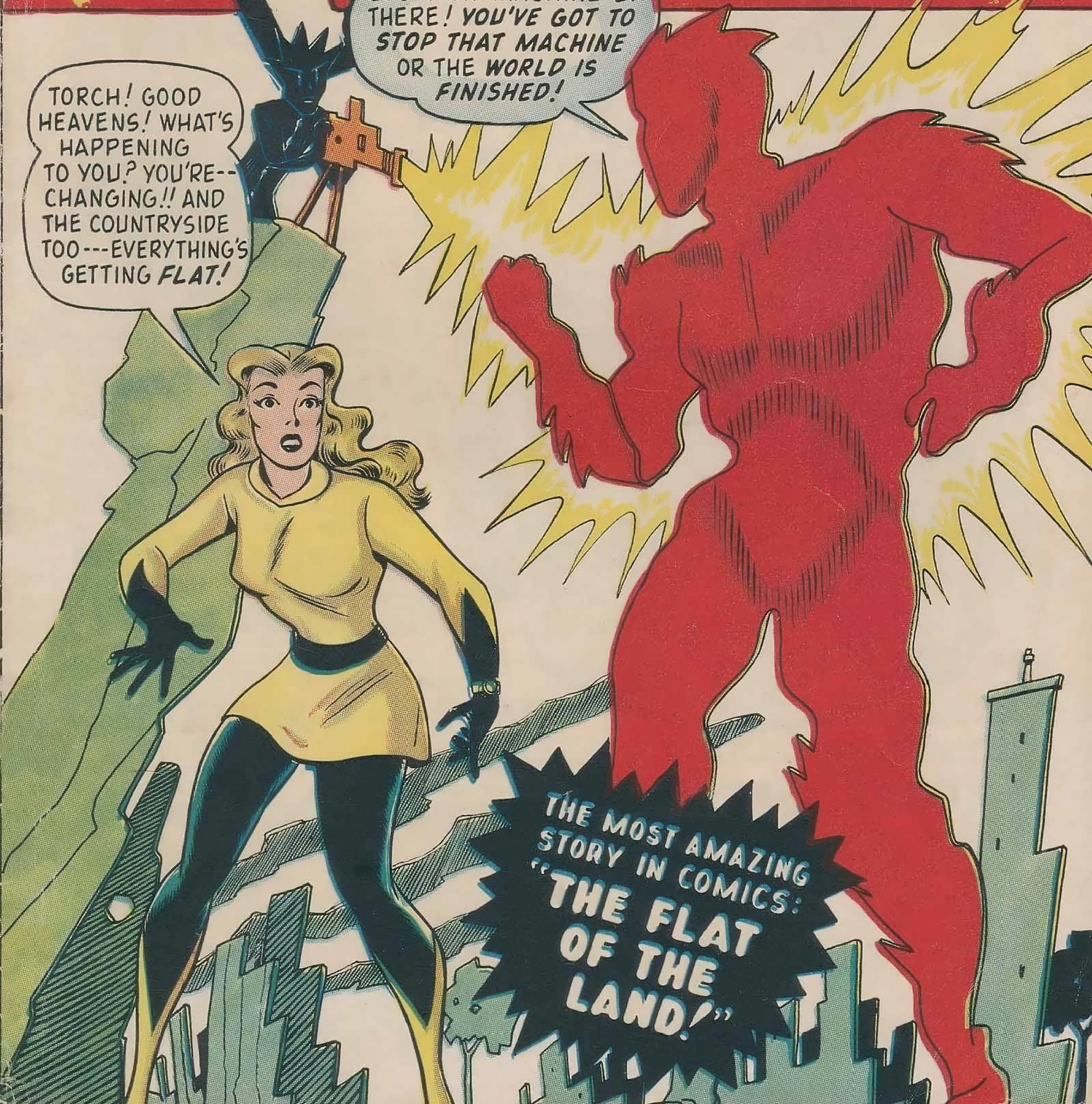
IT'S THAT MACHINE UP THERE! *YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MACHINE* OR THE *WORLD* IS *FINISHED!*
TORCH! GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU? YOU'RE--CHANGING!! AND THE COUNTRYSIDE TOO---EVERYTHING'S GETTING *FLAT!*
THE MOST AMAZING STORY IN COMICS: "THE FLAT OF THE LAND!"

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau;
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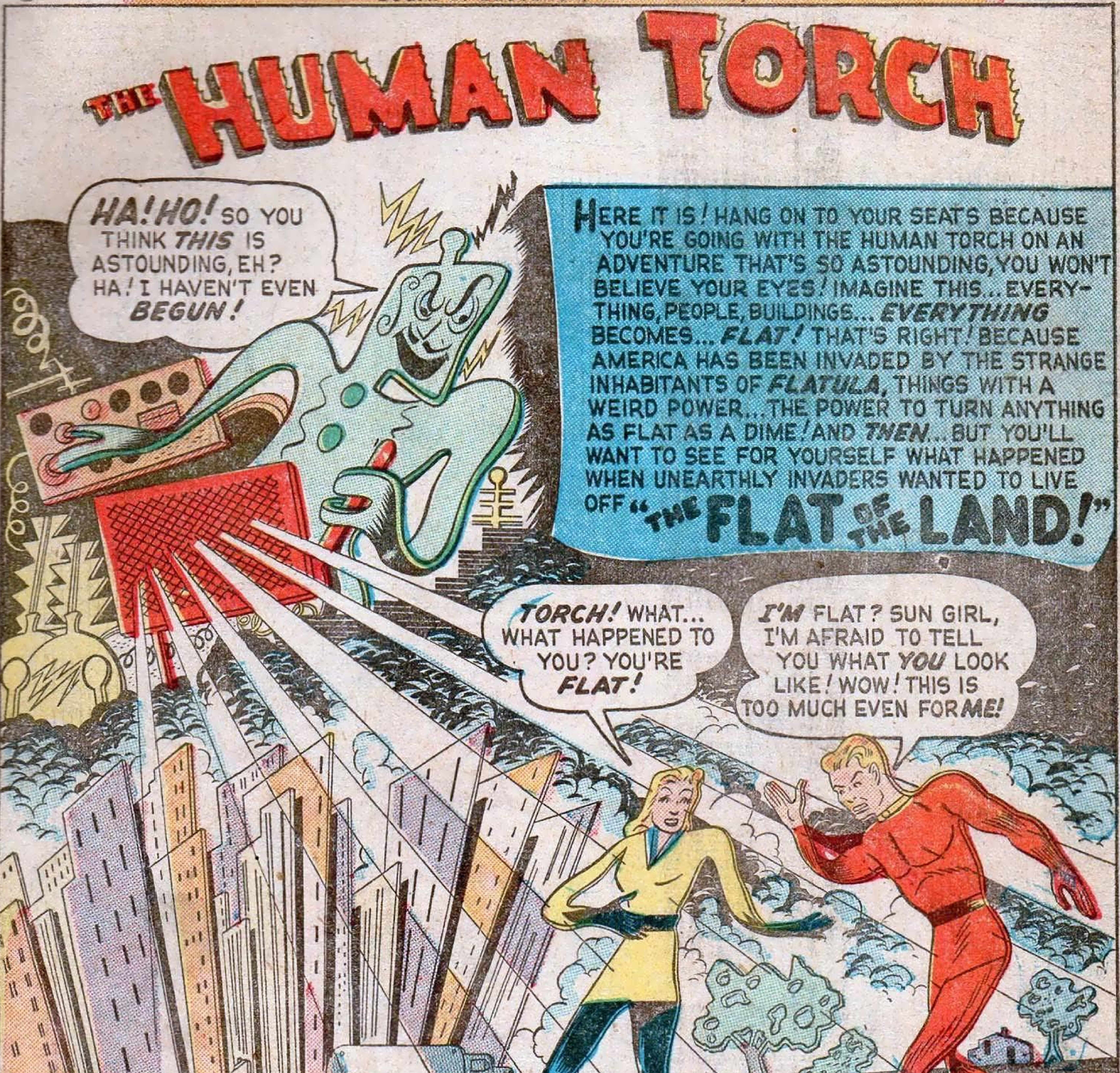
THE HUMAN TORCH
HA! HO! SO YOU THINK *THIS* IS ASTOUNDING, EH? HA! I HAVEN'T EVEN *BEGUN*!
HERE IT IS! HANG ON TO YOUR SEATS BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING WITH THE HUMAN TORCH ON AN ADVENTURE THAT'S SO ASTOUNDING, YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES! IMAGINE THIS.. EVERYTHING, PEOPLE, BUILDINGS... *EVERYTHING* BECOMES... *FLAT!* THAT'S RIGHT! BECAUSE AMERICA HAS BEEN INVADED BY THE STRANGE INHABITANTS OF *FLATULA*, THINGS WITH A WEIRD POWER... THE POWER TO TURN ANYTHING AS FLAT AS A DIME! AND *THEN*... BUT YOU'LL WANT TO SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN UNEARTHLY INVADERS WANTED TO LIVE OFF "THE FLAT OF THE LAND!"
TORCH! WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU'RE *FLAT!*
I'M FLAT? SUN GIRL, I'M AFRAID TO TELL YOU WHAT *YOU* LOOK LIKE! WOW! THIS IS TOO MUCH EVEN FOR *ME!*
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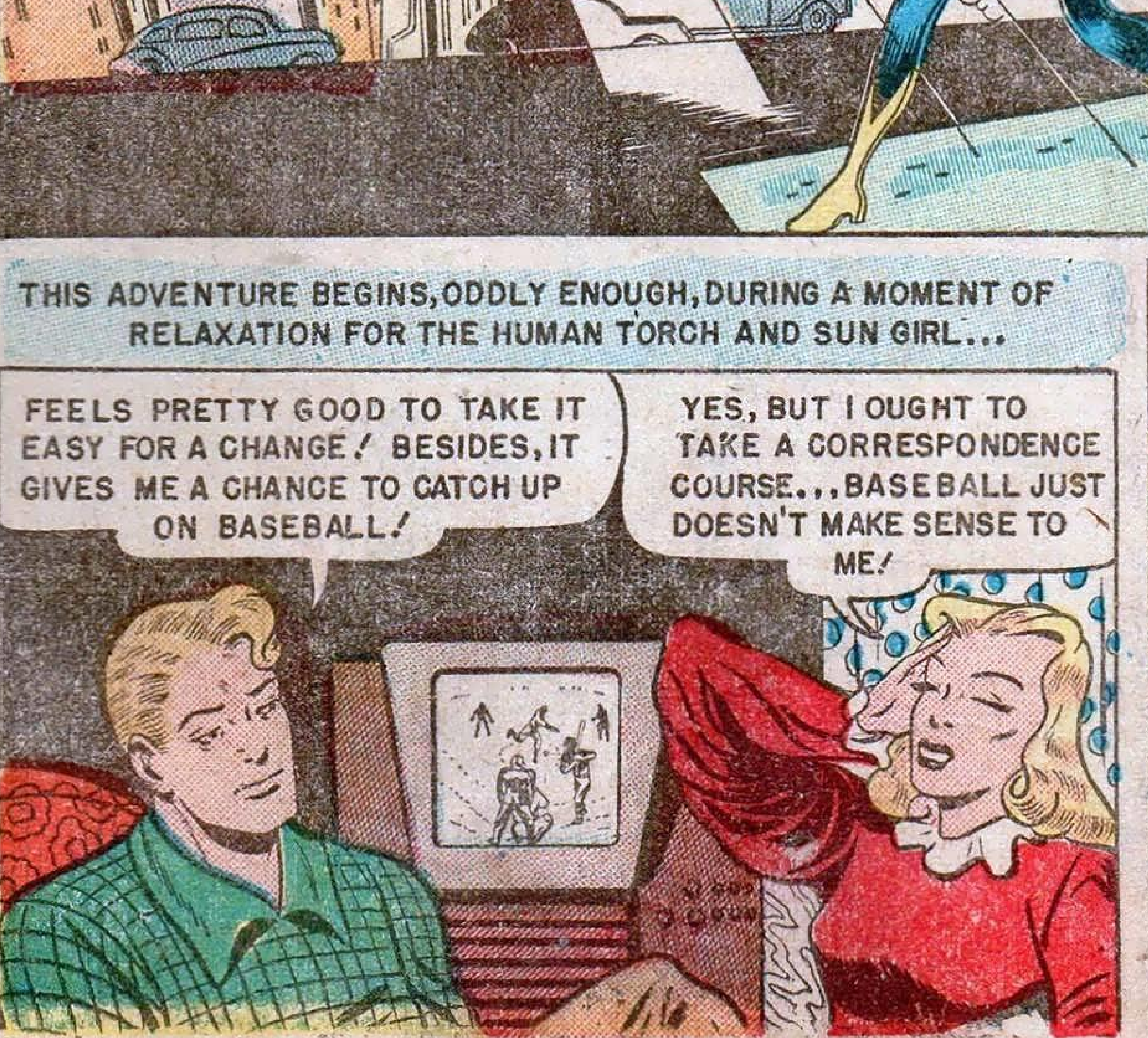
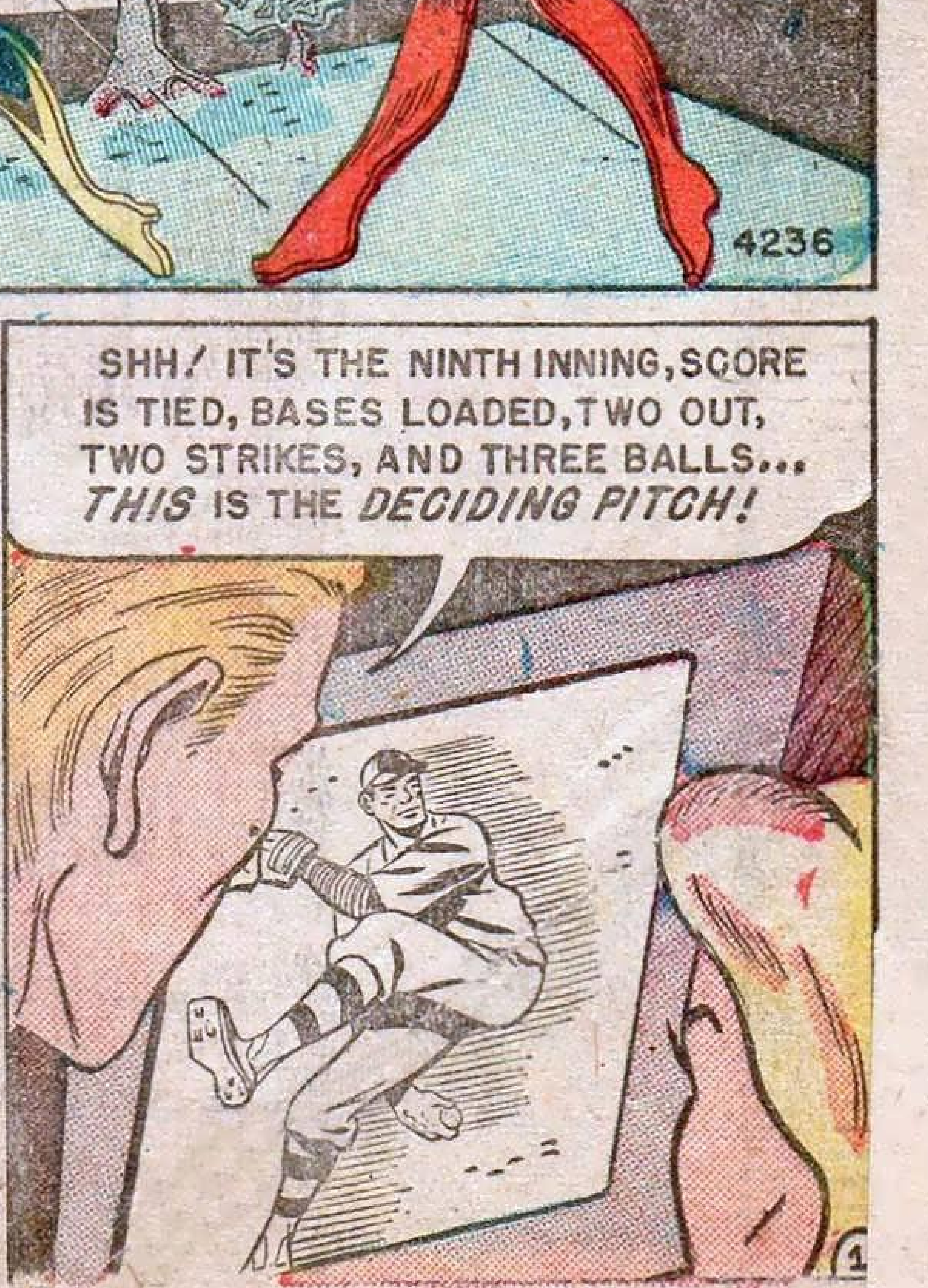

THIS ADVENTURE BEGINS, ODDLY ENOUGH, DURING A MOMENT OF RELAXATION FOR THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUN GIRL...
FEELS PRETTY GOOD TO TAKE IT EASY FOR A CHANGE! BESIDES, IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO CATCH UP ON BASEBALL!
YES, BUT I OUGHT TO TAKE A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE... BASEBALL JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME!


SHH! IT'S THE NINTH INNING, SCORE IS TIED, BASES LOADED, TWO OUT, TWO STRIKES, AND THREE BALLS... *THIS* IS THE *DECIDING PITCH!*

HE STRUCK OUT!
SO WHAT? IT'S ONLY A BALL GAME!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE CATCHER IS CALLING THE UMPIRE OVER TO HIM!
PROBABLY WANTS TO TELL HIM A JOKE HE JUST REMEMBERED!
HERE IT COMES! THE FIRST HINT OF THE AMAZING EVENTS WHICH ARE TO BAFFLE A NATION!
BUT THE REASON FOR THE CATCHER'S AMAZEMENT IS FAR FROM FUNNY...
THE BALL IS FLAT! LIKE A PANCAKE!
MAYBE THE BATTER HIT IT TOO HARD!
SUDDENLY... THE ANNOUNCER'S STARTLED FACE FLASHES ON THE SCREEN!
FLASH! WE INTERRUPT THE REGULAR PROGRAM TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS JUST VANISHED!
GOOD HEAVENS!
OMIGOSH!
AND SPLIT SECONDS LATER... SUN GIRL AND THE HUMAN TORCH FLASH SKYWARD...
FIRST STOP, WASHINGTON! WE MUST FIND THE PRESIDENT!
TORCH, WHAT CAN THIS MEAN... IT'S ...IT'S INCREDIBLE!
IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS...
TORCH AND SUN GIRL!
GOSH, WHAT A RELIEF! WAIT'LL WE TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!
..."THE PRESIDENT WAS COMING OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO GO TO A RECEPTION! THERE WAS A BIG CROWD WAITING..."
2

"IT WAS THE WEIRDEST THING I EVER SAW! THE PRESIDENT WENT *FLAT!* I MEAN AS FLAT AS A *PANCAKE!*"
WHA... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?
"AND THEN HE DISAPPEARED! *WHOOSH!* JUST LIKE THAT!"
WHAT HAPPENED? DID *YOU* SEE WHAT *I* SAW?
I *SAW* IT...BUT...I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT! *HE'S GONE! OUR PRESIDENT'S VANISHED!*
PRESS
THE BASEBALL THAT WENT FLAT...THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A REHEARSAL!
RIGHT! KIDNAPPING THE PRESIDENT WAS THE *BIG* JOB! THEY'LL PROBABLY TRY TO HOLD UP THE COUNTRY FOR *RANSOM!*
"THEY?" WHO ARE *"THEY?"* THAT'S THE QUESTION!
SHREWD DEDUCTION, TORCH! BUT HOW DOES IT TIE IN WITH THE EERIE HAPPENINGS ELSEWHERE AT THAT MOMENT? IN A MOVIE THEATRE...
WHY'D THE PICTURE GO OFF THE SCREEN?
I DON'T GET IT, BOSS! THE FILM SUDDENLY WENT *BLANK!*
THE FILM-- *BLANK?* IMPOSSIBLE, I TELL YOU!
YEAH... BUT THE PICTURES ARE GONE JUST THE SAME!
AT THE LAST NATIONAL BANK...
FOR THE LOVE OF... LOOK AT *THAT!*
THE ARMORED CAR WENT *FLAT!* WHAT'S GOING ON?
BINKS ARMORED EXPRESS
AND THAT, TOO, WAS WHISKED OUT OF SIGHT! GONE LIKE THE PRESIDENT!
NOR IS EVEN THE SOLEMN SILENCE OF THE GIANT PUBLIC LIBRARY SAFE FROM THE PLAGUE OF FLATNESS AND...DISAPPEARANCE!
EEK!
THE BOOKS ARE BEING STOLEN!
"STOLEN?" LADY, THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT! IF YOU KNEW THE TRUTH, YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT!

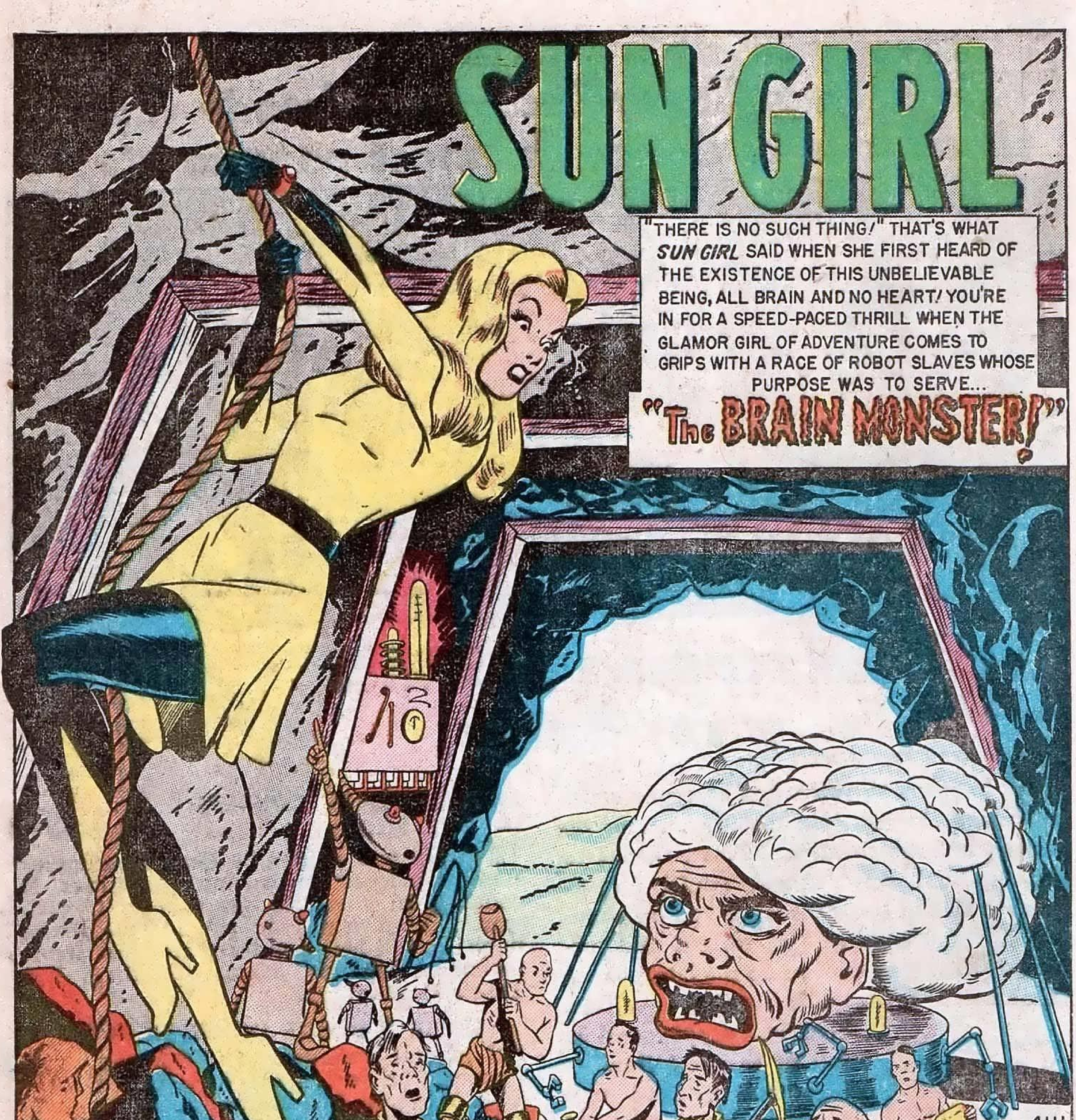
AND ON THE SET OF A GREAT HOLLYWOOD STUDIO...!
WOW! BETSY! YOU LOOK *AWFUL!*
OH, *YEAH?* HOW DO YOU THINK *YOU* LOOK, LLEWELLYN?
BAFFLING, EH? A BASEBALL, THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A., AN ARMORED CAR, THE PICTURES ON A MOVIE FILM, TWO FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STARS! *WHAT'S GOING ON?* IS THIS SOME SINISTER PLOT... AN ACCIDENT OF NATURE... OR WHAT?
TWO BLAZING COMETS RACE ACROSS THE SKY IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER!
YOU LOOK AS IF YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
I THINK I DO! BUT IF I TOLD YOU, YOU'D PROBABLY THINK I'M BATTY!
SAY, THIS IS *PHILADELPHIA!* AND ISN'T THAT INDEPENDENCE HALL?
YEP! I'VE GOT AN IDEA OF WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! AND I THINK *THIS* IS WHERE THE NEXT STRIKE WILL COME!
HERE'S WHERE OUR NATIONAL TREASURES ARE... IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS, THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND THE LIBERTY BELL! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!
SUDDENLY...
TORCH! THE INK IS *FADING* ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!
NO, SUN GIRL! IT'S BEING *STOLEN!*
BUT HOW CAN... *LOOK!* THE *LIBERTY BELL!*
IT'S GOING, TOO! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!
..*IT'S TRUE!* AMERICA'S MOST PRICELESS RELIC IS GOING THE WAY OF ALL THE OTHERS... INTO OBLIVION!
TWIN FIERY FURIES FLASH AT THE PRICELESS DISTORTED RELIC!
PULL HARDER! I DON'T KNOW AGAINST WHAT... BUT USE ALL YOUR STRENGTH!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

OMIGOSH! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TORCH AND SUN GIRL! THEY'VE TURNED FLAT!
A FLICKER OF LIGHT...A RUSH OF WIND...AND THREE PRICELESS HERITAGES OF AMERICAN FREEDOM VANISH AS IF THEY HAD NEVER EXISTED!
WELL, I'LL...
THEY'RE GONE!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF TWO SEEMINGLY INVINCIBLE CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE DISAPPEARED SUDDENLY THROUGH A HOLE IN THE AIR? THINGS LIKE THAT JUST DON'T HAPPEN! FOR ONE POINT, WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE?
...AND FOR ANOTHER, WHERE THEY ACTUALLY ARE MAKES NO SENSE...
GET IT, SUN GIRL? WE'VE BEEN PULLED INTO A TWO-DIMENSIONAL WORLD!
OBVIOUSLY! BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THE REASON!
THIS ISN'T BAD... LIKE A SLOW-MOTION PARACHUTE JUMP! BUT...I'M AFRAID, TORCH! AFRAID!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU? I CAN HARDLY SEE YOU!
BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF THE TORCH, SUN GIRL BEGINS TO VANISH!
COME BACK HERE! WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S DISAPPEARED!
I CATCH NOW! WHEN YOU TURN YOUR EDGE TO ME, YOU HAVE NO THIRD DIMENSION...SO YOU BECOME INVISIBLE!
OH, MY GOODNESS! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS, TORCH? HOW?
LIKE FLOATING LEAVES, THE PYROTECHNIC PAIR FALLS TO WHAT PASSES FOR EARTH IN THIS INCREDIBLE TWO-DIMENSIONAL WORLD!
OH-OH! TROUBLE!
CAPTURE THEM, MEN!

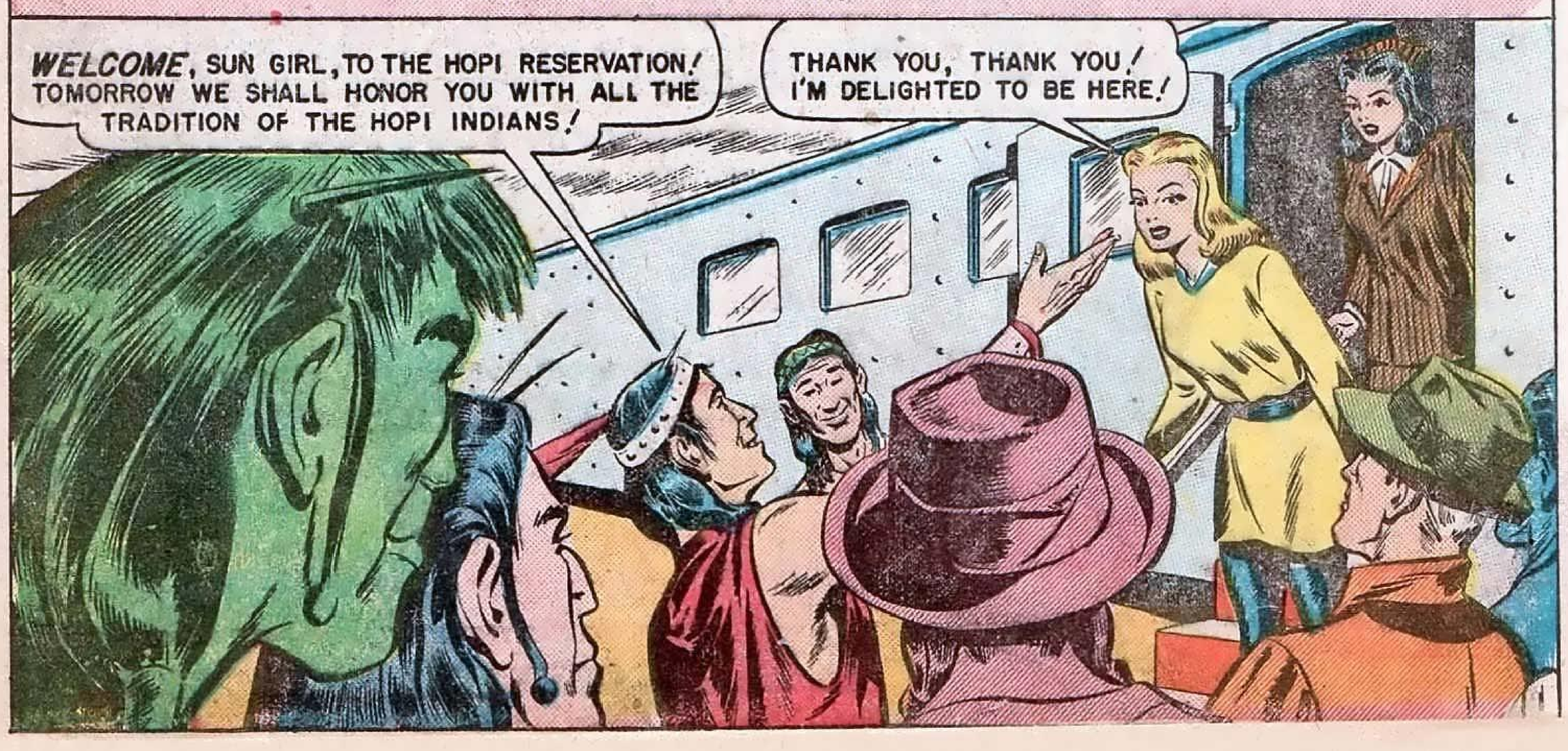
YOU MAY AS WELL SURRENDER PEACEFULLY! WE WOULD NOT CARE TO DESTROY YOU WITH OUR WEAPONS!
THOSE THINGS? WHAT CAN *THEY* DO?
OUR WEAPONS ANNIHILATE *COMPLETELY!* THEY ELIMINATE A PERSON OR OBJECT'S THIRD DIMENSION!
AND *THEN* WHAT HAPPENS?
RUBBISH
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS!
UH-UH! THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR *ME!* WE'LL BEHAVE!
RUBBISH
ATTENTION, CITIZENS OF FLATULA! I, B4, HAVE CAPTURED THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUN GIRL, HEROES OF THE THREE DIMENSIONAL WORLD! THEY ARE GOING ABOARD MY CAR!
SOME CAR!
YEAH... AS FLAT AS EVERYTHING ELSE AROUND HERE!
WHO EVER HEARD OF *LYING DOWN* IN A CAR?
IN IT? YOU CAN'T GET *INTO ANYTHING* IN THIS LOPSIDED WORLD!
PRESENTLY...
WE HAVE ARRIVED!
JUST WHAT I FIGURED WAS BEHIND THESE ROBBERIES AND KIDNAPPINGS!
HOW ABOUT LETTING *ME* IN ON THE SECRET, TORCH?
MUSEUM
6

STOP ME IF I'M WRONG, B4! ALL THESE PEOPLE AND THINGS HAVE BEEN COLLECTED FOR YOUR *MUSEUM* AS THIRD DIMENSIONAL SPECIMENS!
CORRECT!
BINS EXPRES
SOME THINGS LOST IDENTITY WHEN WE MADE THEM TWO DIMENSIONAL, SUCH AS A BASEBALL! BUT YOUR FAMOUS PEOPLE MAKE FINE SOUVENIRS OF OUR VISIT TO EARTH! AND THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUN GIRL... *A GREAT TRIUMPH!*
SOON WE RETURN TO OUR WORLD, MANY LIGHT YEARS AWAY! IT HAS BEEN A *VERY* SUCCESSFUL TRIP!
NOT IF *WE* CAN HELP IT!
PRESIDENT OF U.S.A.
WE'RE POWERLESS, TORCH! IT BURNS ME UP!
SAY! YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN IDEA! *BUT WILL IT WORK?*
ONE LONE, DESPERATE CHANCE FOR ESCAPE! IF IT FAILS, TOTAL EXTINCTION FACES THE GALLANT PAIR!
FLAME ON! IT'S OUR *ONLY* HOPE! IF MY WILL TO DIRECT ITS POWER WORKS, YOU AND I BECOME NATURAL AGAIN! *WOW! THAT DOES IT!*
DESTROY THEM, GUARDS!
IT WORKS! THE HEAT OF THE TORCH'S BODY DESTROYS THE POWER OF THE FLAT DIMENSION! SUN GIRL AND HE BLAZE BACK TO THEIR NORMAL SELVES...
TELL THEM TO FREE THE PRISONERS OR YOU'LL BE DESTROYED WITH US!
LET ME DOWN! I WILL *NOT* GIVE THEM SUCH AN ORDER!
SUN GIRL SWOOPS UP THE LEADER AND THEY SOAR SWIFTLY OVER THE TOPS OF THE FLAT BUILDINGS!
FLAME IS THREE DIMENSIONAL! WE CAN DESTROY ALL YOUR PEOPLE BY SETTING THEM ON FIRE LIKE THIS BUILDING! THEY'D BURN LIKE PAPER!
I GIVE UP! DON'T DO IT! DON'T! DON'T!

LANDING, THE TORRID TEAM DROPS ITS HELPLESS CAPTIVE AND SEIZES THE DIMENSIONAL CONVERTER...
WE'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND NOW!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RECOVER!
EUM
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US, TORCH?
BACK HOME, MR. PRESIDENT!
WITH ONE SWOOP, TORCH GRABS THE FLAT OBJECTS THAT WERE ONCE AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE!
QUICKLY! USE YOUR WEAPONS WHEN THEY ARE NOT LOOKING!
BUT THE FLATMEN ARE NOT THROUGH YET! THEIR LEADER HAS NO INTENTIONS OF KEEPING HIS PROMISE TO LET THE TORCH GO FREE! HIS PURPOSE IS... DESTRUCTION!
AND THE OUTLANDISH WEAPONS HIT THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUN GIRL!
WENT BACK ON HIS WORD, EH? I'LL FIX HIM!
BUT ALL IT DID WAS CHANGE US BACK TO FLAT PEOPLE! NOT DESTROY US!
ONCE MORE THE FIERY CRIME FIGHTER FLAMES INTO ACTION!
PLEASE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
BRING YOU BACK TO OUR WORLD! YOU DESERVE TO BE IN OUR MUSEUM!
AND SO, MOMENTS LATER...
PERHAPS NOW YOU CAN EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO ME! I COLLECTED PEOPLE AND THINGS THAT WERE POPULAR IN YOUR WORLD! YOU CRITICIZE ME- BUT WHY DO YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME STARING AT FLAT PICTURES ON SCREENS AND IN BOOKS? THEY'RE FLAT, AREN'T THEY?
YOU'D NEVER UNDERSTAND, B4!
TWO-DIMENSIONAL PEOPLE COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND THE THINGS WE VALUE, TORCH!
NOT AFTER THEY'VE LIVED OFF THE FLAT OF THE LAND, MR. PRESIDENT!
THE END

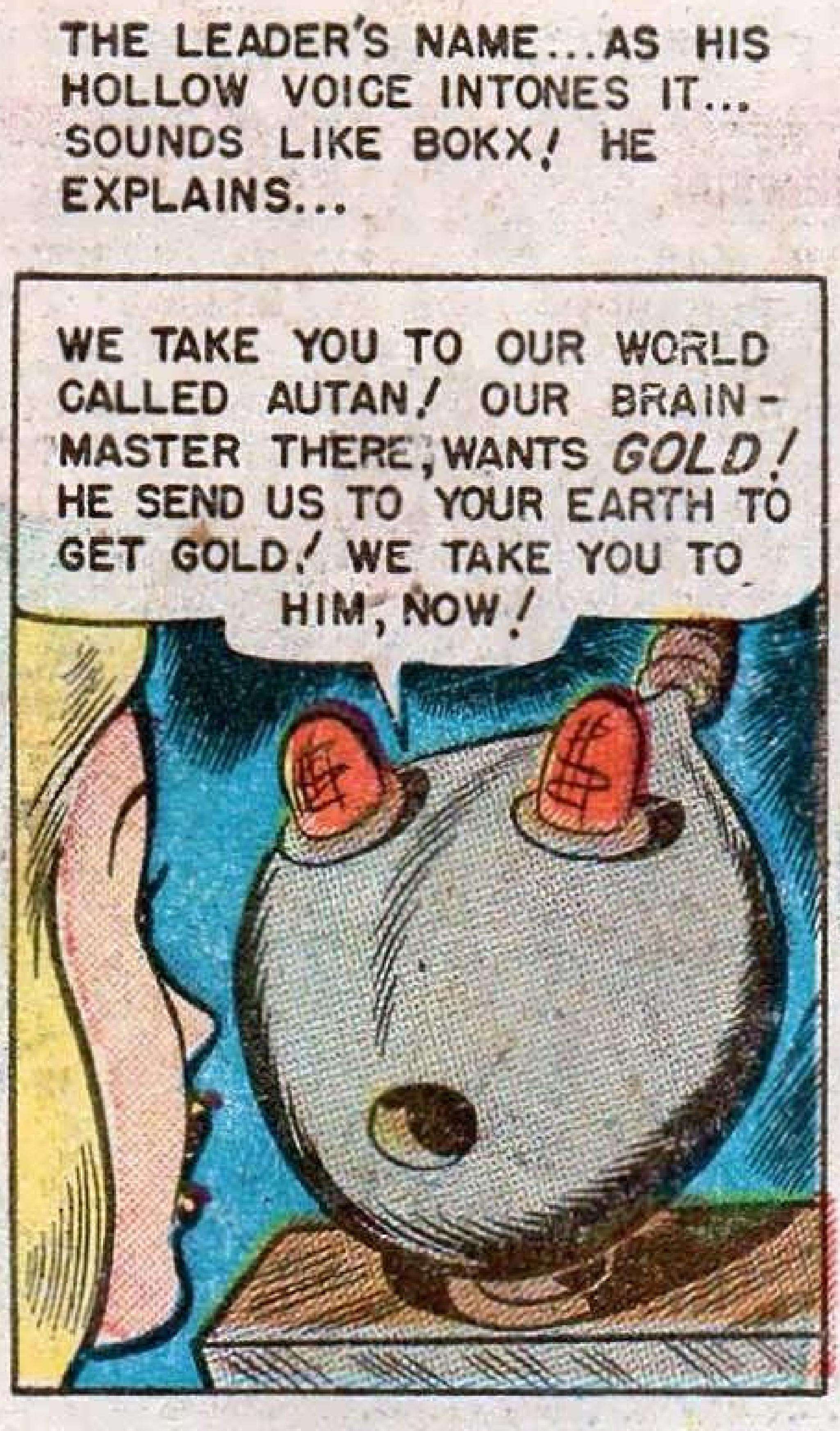

SUN GIRL
"THERE IS NO SUCH THING!" THAT'S WHAT *SUN GIRL* SAID WHEN SHE FIRST HEARD OF THE EXISTENCE OF THIS UNBELIEVABLE BEING, ALL BRAIN AND NO HEART! YOU'RE IN FOR A SPEED-PACED THRILL WHEN THE GLAMOR GIRL OF ADVENTURE COMES TO GRIPS WITH A RACE OF ROBOT SLAVES WHOSE PURPOSE WAS TO SERVE...
"The BRAIN MONSTER!"
4111

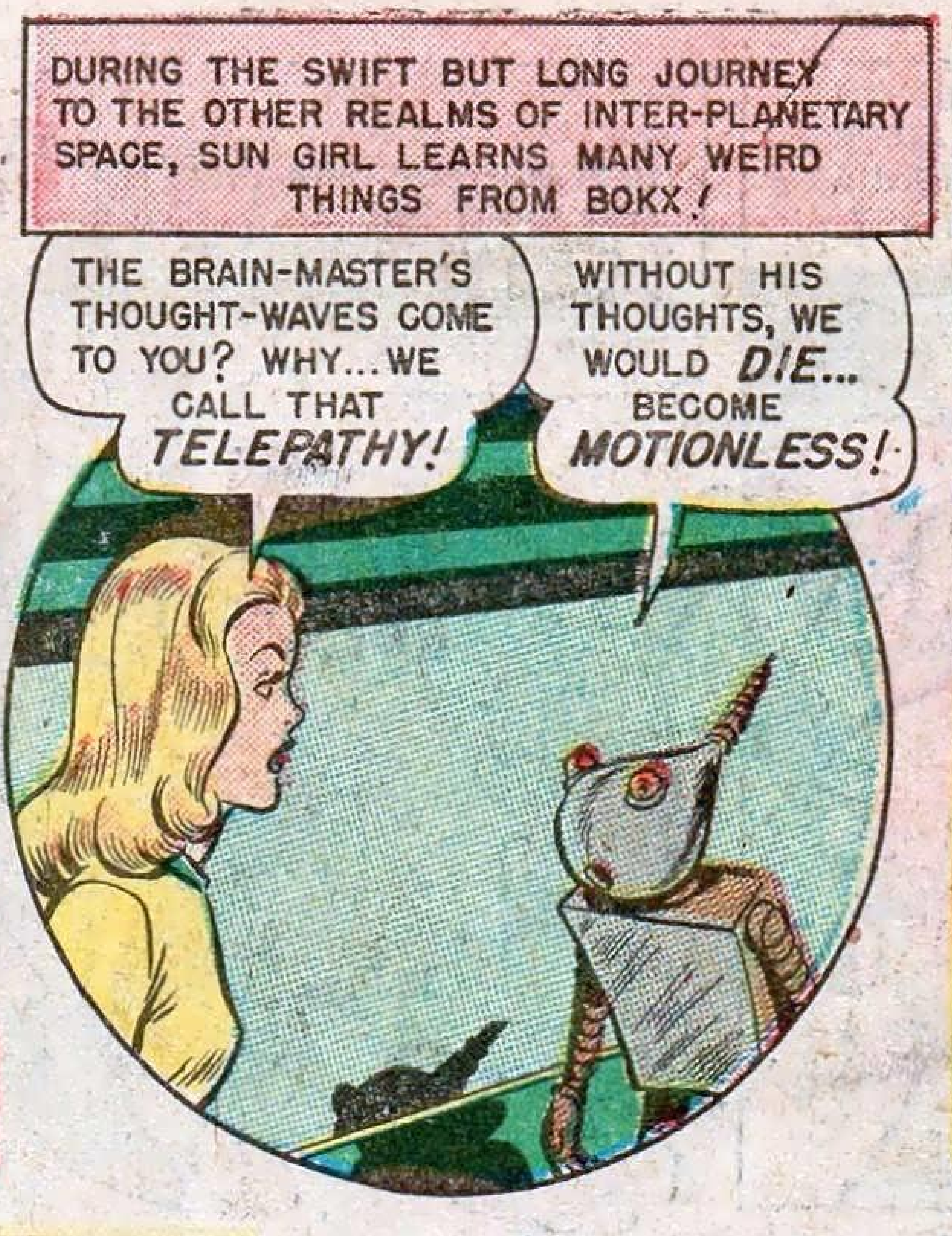
SUN GIRL HAS BEEN INVITED BY THE HOPI INDIANS TO THEIR RESERVATION IN NEW MEXICO, TO BE HONORED AT THEIR FESTIVAL OF THE SUN! SHE IS ARRIVING NOW...

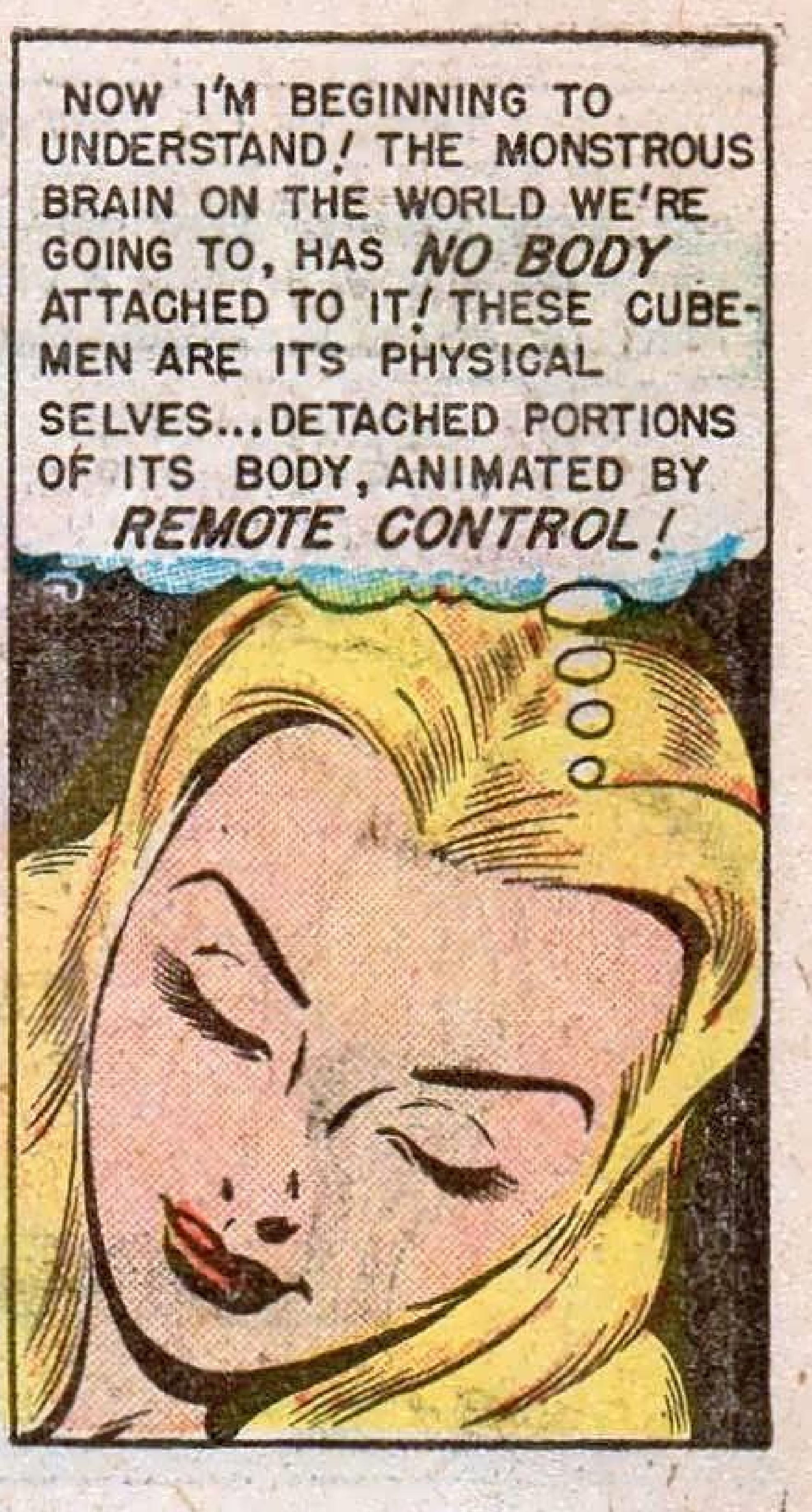

WELCOME, SUN GIRL, TO THE HOPI RESERVATION! TOMORROW WE SHALL HONOR YOU WITH ALL THE TRADITION OF THE HOPI INDIANS!
THANK YOU, THANK YOU! I'M DELIGHTED TO BE HERE!

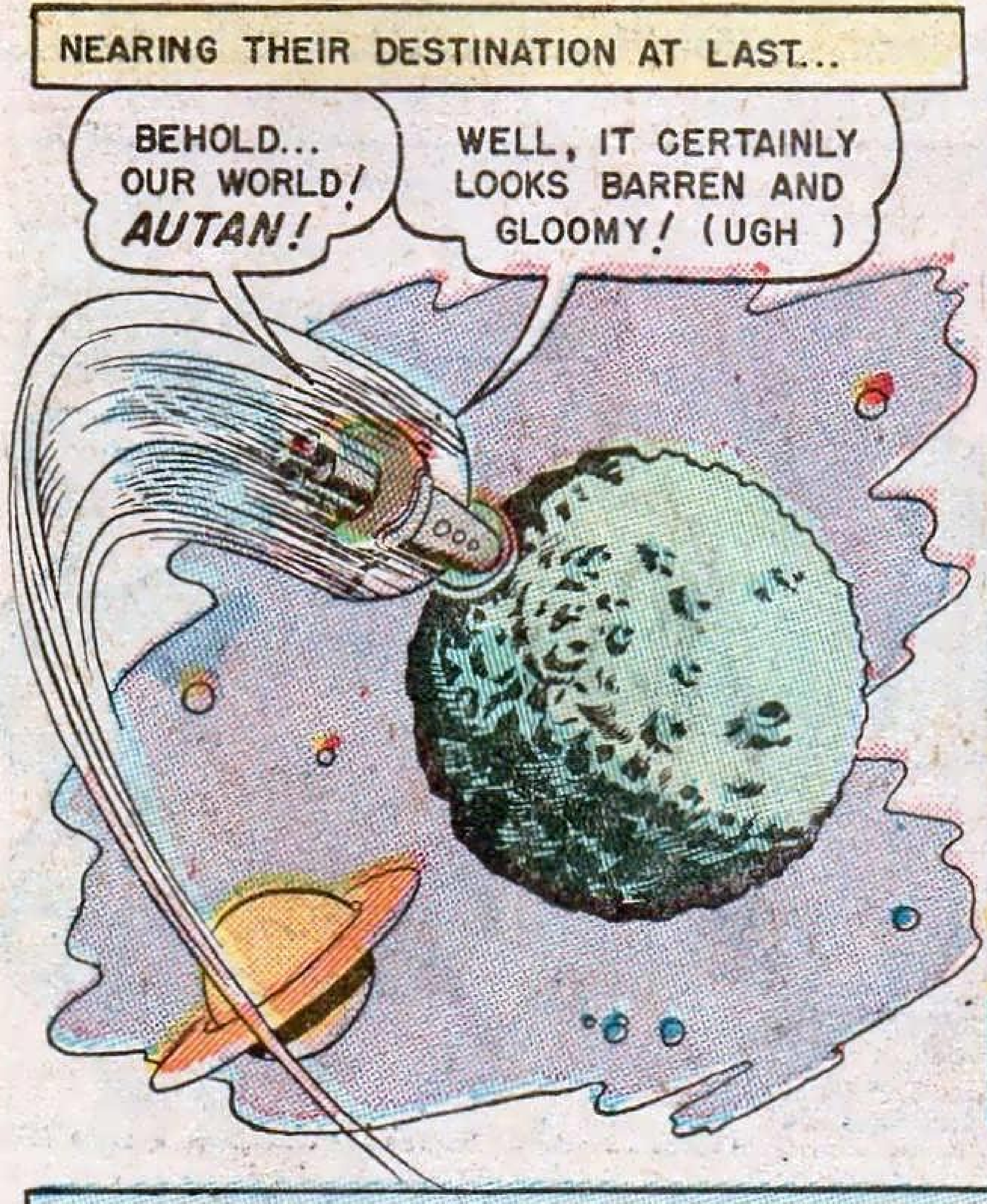
THAT EVENING, IN HER HOTEL ROOM, SUN GIRL LISTENS WITH INTEREST TO THE RADIO ACCOUNTS OF HER ARRIVAL AND THE PROGRAM AT THE INDIAN RESERVATION TOMORROW!
THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE SUN AT NARWELL RESERVATION TOMORROW AFTERNOON WILL BE DISTINGUISHED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE FAMOUS SUN GIRL...
THEN, SUDDENLY, THE BROADCAST IS INTERRUPTED BY A STARTLING NEWS FLASH...
...SHOP OF THE SUN VALLEY JEWELRY COMPANY, ON MAIN STREET AT FORSYTHE, WAS *ROBBED* THIS EVENING! WITNESSES CLAIM THE MARAUDERS WERE STRANGE, *UNEARTHLY* BEINGS...!
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, AT A NEARBY POLICE STATION...
I WAS CROSSING THE ALLEY PAST THE SHOP AND I SAW THEM COMING OUT! LITTLE BROWN THINGS, LIKE *METAL BOXES*, WITH ARMS AND LEGS! *THEY WEREN'T HUMAN!*
SOME PEOPLE SURE HAVE *WEIRD* IMAGINATIONS!
...AND AT THE JEWELRY STORE, WHERE POLICE ARE STILL INVESTIGATING...
THERE IS NOTHING MISSING BUT ARTICLES OF GOLD! NO JEWELS ARE GONE! JUST GOLD RINGS, WATCHES, AND CHAINS! THEY WANTED ONLY *GOLD*!
ONLY *GOLD*! NO DIAMONDS... NO RUBIES?
SURE WERE QUEER BURGLARS!
...AND AT MIDNIGHT THAT SAME NIGHT, A MAN AND WOMAN ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM THE MOVIES, WHEN SUDDENLY...
YOU STAND VERY STILL! NO MOVE! GIVE US GOLD! YOUR WATCH... WOMAN'S RING!
WHAT... WHAT KIND OF THINGS ARE *THESE?*
ALL THEY WANT IS *GOLD?*
THE CREATURES THEN FLEE INTO THE NIGHT... STRANGE, WEIRD CREATURES, RESEMBLING NOTHING EVER SEEN BEFORE BY MAN OR BEAST!
LOOK! THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY WITH MY GOLD WATCH!
OH, (SOB!) MY *RING*!
LATE NEXT AFTERNOON, SUN GIRL APPEARS AT THE THE HOPI FESTIVAL...
IT IS AN HONOR TO HAVE YOU HERE, O, GIRL OF THE SUN! WE SHALL TRY TO MAKE YOUR STAY A PLEASANT ONE!
THANK YOU FOR ASKING ME HERE! IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE WHERE THERE IS SO MUCH PEACE AND QUIET!

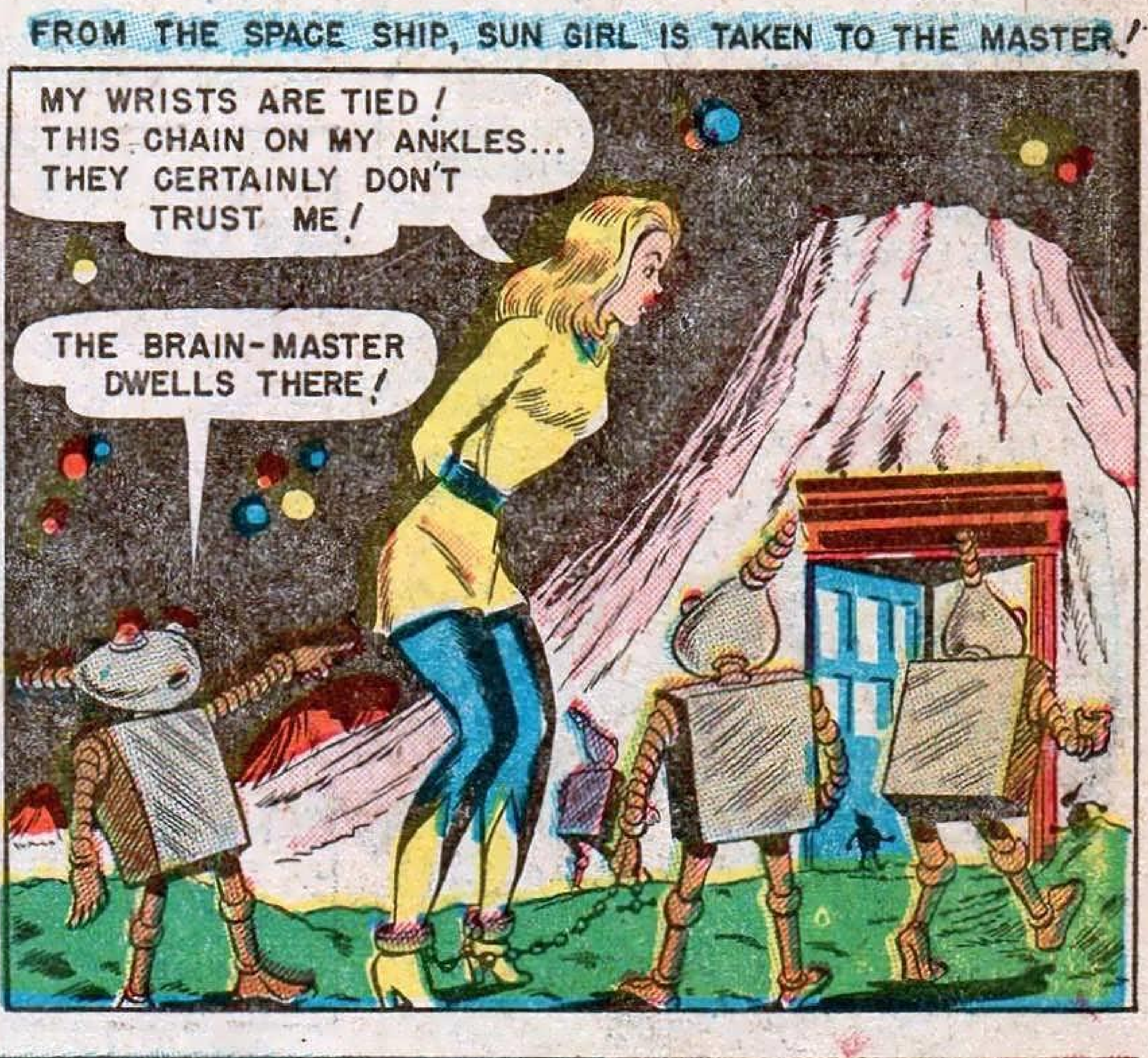
SUN GIRL IS THE HIGH SPOT OF THE FESTIVAL...
HAIL THE GOLDEN GODDESS!
LEAVING THE FESTIVAL, SUN GIRL RUNS FOR HER CAR TO AVOID THE CROWD OF ADMIRING PEOPLE!
WAIT! WAIT, SUN GIRL!
SHE RUNS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
SORRY, FOLKS! SEE YOU SOON!
BUT BEFORE SHE CAN GET INTO HER CAR, THE WEIRD CUBE-MEN LEAP AT HER!
THE MASTER WILL BE PLEASED! THIS IS GOLDEN GODDESS!
THE CUBE-MEN... STEALING ONLY GOLD! WHY...WHY?
SHE IS ALL GOLD!
IN THAT MOMENT OF HER STARTLED CONFUSION, BEFORE SHE CAN DEFEND HERSELF...
OHHH!
THERE! THE ELECTRO-RAY TOOK CARE OF HER!
AS SHE DROPS UNCONSCIOUS, THE WEIRD, POWERFUL LITTLE CREATURES CARRY HER AWAY!
THIS IS THE BEST PRISE OF ALL... A GODDESS OF GOLD!
NOW THE MASTER WILL BE PLEASED AT LAST!
AND PRESENTLY, A STRANGE SHAPE RISES FROM THE DARKNING CACTUS-STREWN HILLS, AND SPEEDS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT SKY!
ROAR!
FINALLY, SUN GIRL RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS, AND..
W-WHAT HAPPENED? OH! NOW I REMEMBER... THE MYSTERIOUS CUBE-MEN!
YOU BETTER NOW? GOOD!

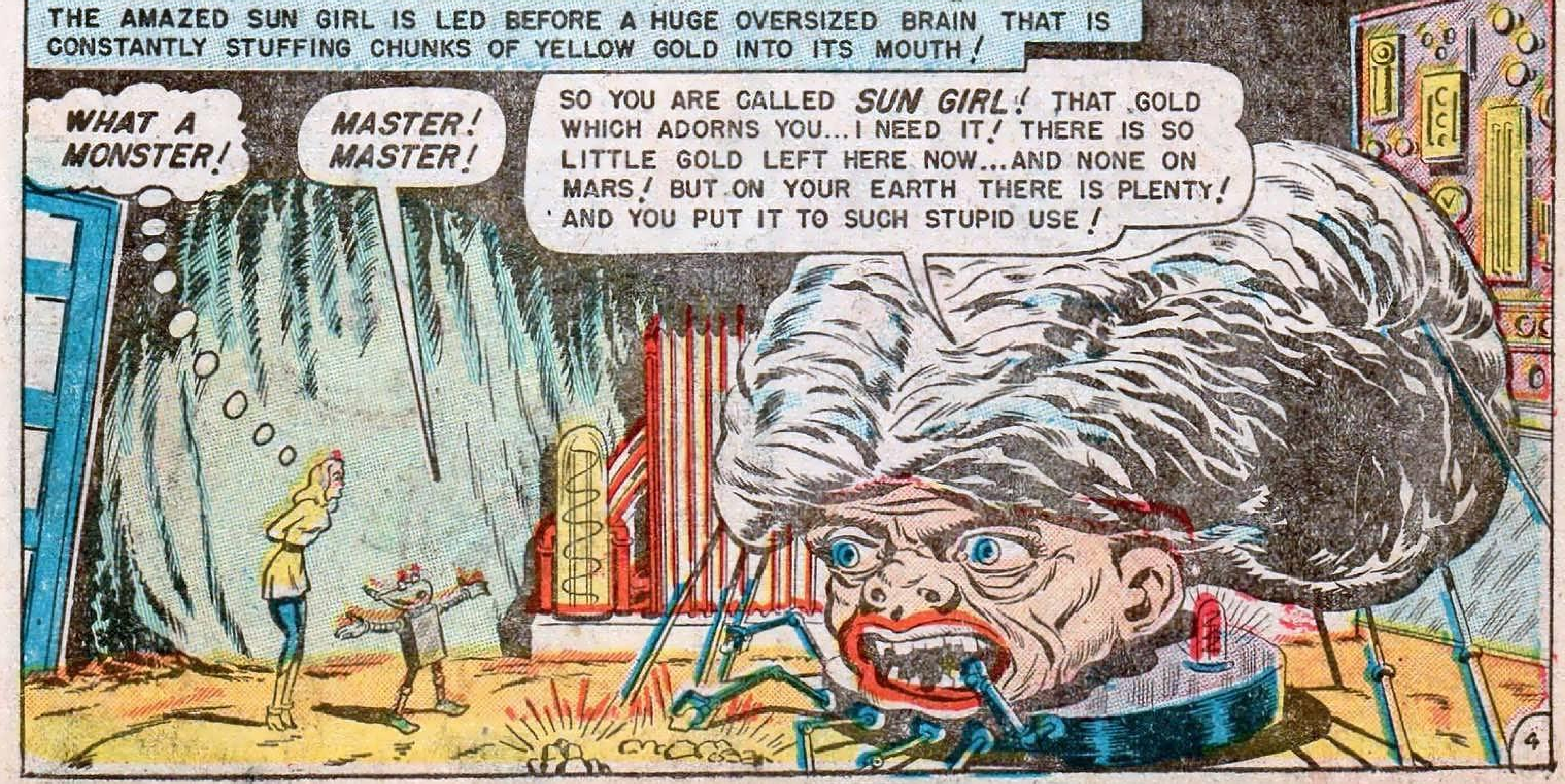

THE LEADER'S NAME...AS HIS HOLLOW VOICE INTONES IT... SOUNDS LIKE BOKX! HE EXPLAINS...
WE TAKE YOU TO OUR WORLD CALLED AUTAN! OUR BRAIN-MASTER THERE, WANTS GOLD! HE SEND US TO YOUR EARTH TO GET GOLD! WE TAKE YOU TO HIM, NOW!


DURING THE SWIFT BUT LONG JOURNEY TO THE OTHER REALMS OF INTER-PLANETARY SPACE, SUN GIRL LEARNS MANY WEIRD THINGS FROM BOKX!
THE BRAIN-MASTER'S THOUGHT-WAVES COME TO YOU? WHY...WE CALL THAT TELEPATHY!
WITHOUT HIS THOUGHTS, WE WOULD DIE... BECOME MOTIONLESS!


NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! THE MONSTROUS BRAIN ON THE WORLD WE'RE GOING TO, HAS NO BODY ATTACHED TO IT! THESE CUBE-MEN ARE ITS PHYSICAL SELVES...DETACHED PORTIONS OF ITS BODY, ANIMATED BY REMOTE CONTROL!


NEARING THEIR DESTINATION AT LAST...
BEHOLD... OUR WORLD! AUTAN!
WELL, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS BARREN AND GLOOMY! (UGH)


FROM THE SPACE SHIP, SUN GIRL IS TAKEN TO THE MASTER!
MY WRISTS ARE TIED! THIS CHAIN ON MY ANKLES... THEY CERTAINLY DON'T TRUST ME!
THE BRAIN-MASTER DWELLS THERE!

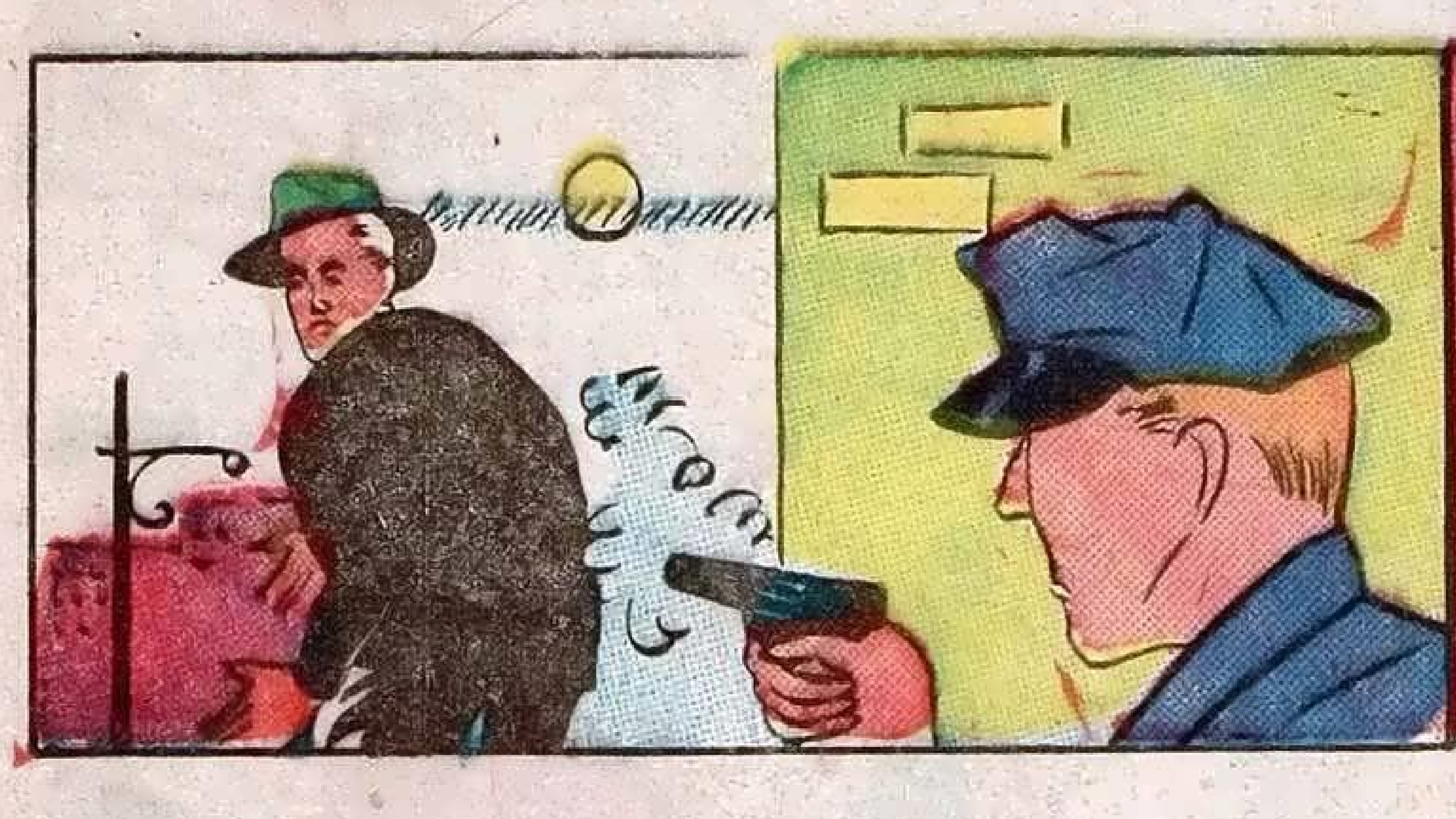

THE AMAZED SUN GIRL IS LED BEFORE A HUGE OVERSIZED BRAIN THAT IS CONSTANTLY STUFFING CHUNKS OF YELLOW GOLD INTO ITS MOUTH!
WHAT A MONSTER!
MASTER! MASTER!
SO YOU ARE CALLED SUN GIRL! THAT GOLD WHICH ADORNS YOU...I NEED IT! THERE IS SO LITTLE GOLD LEFT HERE NOW...AND NONE ON MARS! BUT ON YOUR EARTH THERE IS PLENTY! AND YOU PUT IT TO SUCH STUPID USE!

FROM THE TRIPS OF ITS CUBE-BODIES TO THE EARTH, THE BRAIN HAS ABSORBED ITS KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH! NOW A MESSENGER COMES FROM A DISTANT PART OF AUTAN...
BOKX! WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHAT IS HE SAYING?
THE HUMAN SLAVES HAVE REVOLTED! THEY WILL NOT MINE ANY MORE GOLD! THE BRAIN-MONSTER IS ORDERING THEM TO BE EXECUTED!
BUT HE *CAN'T* DO THAT! *HUMAN SLAVES*... AND HE'S GOING TO *KILL* THEM!
THERE IS A RACE OF HUMANS HERE! THEY ARE HELD AS SLAVES, GUARDED BY THE CUBE-MEN, AND TOIL UNCEASINGLY TO MINE GOLD FOR THE BRAIN'S FOOD! AND NOW THEY HAVE REVOLTED!
PLEASE! YOU CAN NOT DO THAT! DON'T ORDER THEM KILLED! LISTEN TO ME!
EVERY LIVING CREATURE MUST WORK FOR MY FOOD! THEY SHALL DIE!
IF YOU KILL THEM, THEY CANNOT WORK FOR YOUR FOOD! SEND ME TO THEM TO REPRESENT YOU! I AM HUMAN, LIKE THEM! THEY WILL LISTEN TO *ME*! I WILL PUT THEM BACK TO WORK!
PERHAPS YOU TALK WITH SENSE, EARTH-GIRL!
STILL GUARDED BY BOKX AND HIS BAND, SUN GIRL IS TAKEN TO THE DISTANT MINES! NEAR THEIR DESTINATION...
NO, *WAIT*!
THE SLAVES! THAT TALL ONE IS *GRAIL*, THEIR LEADER! *KILL HIM! CHARGE!*
GRAIL! GRAIL! IF YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, TELL YOUR MEN NOT TO OFFER RESISTANCE!
AN EARTH-GIRL!
SUN GIRL WHISPERS A PLOT TO GRAIL...
PRETEND TO YIELD! WE WILL TALK LATER!
I TRUST YOU, EARTH-GIRL! I HAVE A DAGGER HIDDEN IN MY ROBE!

THE VAST MINES OF AUTAN, WHERE THIS PITIABLE LITTLE RACE OF HUMAN SLAVES LIVE, ONLY TO MINE THE MASTER GOLD-FOOD...
GRAIL! IS THAT YOU? I HEAR YOU TALKING WITH SOMEONE!
IT IS MARA... MY WIFE! SHE IS *BLIND!* YES, MARA, I AM HERE!
BLIND? OH...
...ANOTHER OF THE BRAIN-MONSTER'S VICTIMS, MARA, GRAIL'S BLIND WIFE!
THIS IS SUN GIRL, MARA... THEY BROUGHT HER FROM EARTH!
I TOLD THE BRAIN-MONSTER I WOULD PUT YOU BACK TO WORK, TO SAVE YOU ALL FROM BEING KILLED! I WANT TO HELP YOU!
LET US TALK A MOMENT MORE, BOKX! I WILL CONVINCE THEM THEY MUST WORK!
YES! DO THAT, OR THEY *DIE!*
WITH ALL OUR STRENGTH, WE MINE THE HORRIBLE GOLD! OF WHAT USE IS IT TO US? WE CAN HARDLY KEEP ALIVE!
I REALIZE THAT! NOW LISTEN... HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...
AND PRESENTLY...
THE REVOLT IS OVER! GO BACK TO WORK! I WILL GO AS HOSTAGE TO THE BRAIN-MONSTER! IF *YOU* STOP WORK, *I* DIE!
THAT IS GOOD! WE GO!
ON THE TRIP BACK, GRAIL IS BOUND FAST...
NOW, WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE BRAIN-MONSTER, YOU AND I WILL STAND CLOSE TOGETHER! YOU WATCH YOUR CHANCE AND...
YES, I UNDERSTAND! WE CAN DO IT!
SO THE PLOT IS SET, AND SUN GIRL AND GRAIL ARE READY TO RISK THEIR LIVES AGAINST THE SCOURGE OF THE BRAIN-MONSTER!
6

AGAIN, SUN GIRL FACES THE MONSTROUS BRAIN...
YOUR SLAVES ARE AT WORK! GRAIL IS HERE AS HOSTAGE!
THAT IS GOOD! GOLD! MORE GOLD FOR ME, ALWAYS!
NOW, GRAIL MOVES UNOBSTRUCTIVELY BEHIND SUN GIRL! HE SEEMS TO TO STUMBLE, BUMPING AGAINST HER, AND THEN...
...AS THEIR BOUND HANDS TOUCH, SUN GIRL'S WRIST RAY SPARKLES INTO ACTION... ITS BEAM EATING INTO GRAIL'S BONDS...
ZZZZZZ
IN ANOTHER SECOND...
FREE!
GOOD! NOW FOR ACTION!
HE CUTS SUN GIRL'S WRISTS FREE, AND THEN...
LET'S SEE WHAT MY RAY WILL DO TO THIS MONSTER!
NO! NO! STOP HER! STOP HER!
THE RAY SHOOTS WITH DEADLY ACCURACY INTO THE WRITHING MASS CALLED "THE BRAIN"!
ZAT!
JUST A MINUTE MORE! IT MUST BE DONE!
ZAT!
SPUT!
SPLUT!
SPUT! POW!
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US? WE'RE G-GETTING WEAKER...WEA...

THEN, SUDDENLY, AS THE DIABOLICAL MASS OF THOUGHT-TISSUE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...
LOOK! THE CUBE-MEN... ALL MOVEMENT IS GONE FROM THEM!
THEY WILL NEVER MOVE AGAIN! NONE OF THEM IN ALL OUR WORLD! NOW THEY WILL RUST AWAY! JUST LITTLE SCRAPS OF METAL! SUN GIRL, WE ARE FREE! FREE AT LAST!
WITH THE HORRIBLE, DOMINATING THOUGHT-POWER GONE INTO OBLIVION, SUN GIRL AND GRAIL HASTEN BACK TO THE PEOPLE AT THE MINES...
LOOK AT THEM! JUST LITTLE BROKEN PIECES OF METAL NOW!
WE DID IT, MARA!
GRAIL, SUN GIRL... WE CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR OUR FREEDOM!
WE'RE FREE... FREE AT LAST!
WE'RE NO LONGER SLAVES! THE BRAIN-MONSTER IS NO MORE!
NOW WE CAN BEGIN TO REBUILD OUR OWN WORLD... IN SAFETY!
YOU MUST TAKE ME BACK TO MY EARTH NOW! THEN RETURN AND HELP YOUR PEOPLE BUILD A CIVILIZATION, WITHOUT THE EVIL THOUGHTS THAT HAVE KEPT YOU IN SLAVERY!
LATER, WHEN THE LITTLE SPACE SHIP HAS BROUGHT THEM BACK TO EARTH...
GOOD-BYE, GRAIL! GOOD-BYE, MARA! I DO WISH YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE GREAT HAPPINESS!
THANK YOU, SUN GIRL! GOOD-BYE!
THEY'LL BE HAPPY NOW, EVEN IN THAT BLEAK, LITTLE WORLD! GOLD WAS THEIR CURSE! THAT'S A STRANGE THOUGHT... I'M NOT SURE THAT IT ISN'T OURS, ALSO!
THE END



TIME SCHEDULE

"I TELL YOU, GUS, it's a cinch!" Mike and Gus were sitting at a small table in Louie's Grill, talking. The beetle-browed Mike pounded the table for emphasis.

"I don't know," Gus shook his lean head slowly. "Three years in prison is a long time, and I just got out."

"Look," Mike growled, "there's a new cop on the beat. A rookie. He won't know what's happening. Stick with me this time, and you'll be on easy street the rest of your life!"

"Are you sure?" Gus asked.

"Sure I'm sure. If we crack that jewelry store, we'll have plenty of dough. And it'll be simple to do. This is Sunday night and there won't be many people about."

Then Gus nodded his head. "Okay, I'm with you. But let's be plenty careful. I'm not aimin' to spend my next ten years in a cell!"

Together the two went outside. Mike was talking, "We'll go over and see what the rookie is doing. I got a hot idea!"

. . . Pete was walking down the street, whistling. He swung his night stick carelessly and breathed deeply. That old city air certainly smelled wonderful, and the damp mist caressing his face felt good after being so long in a tropical climate.

Even if he was a cop, he felt like jumping in the air and shouting. He felt like a kid on the loose, but instead he had to walk sedately along, swinging his night stick in a dignified manner. For a week now, he had been on this beat, and he knew every step by heart. There wasn't much excitement such as he'd been used to in the army for the past three years, but the change was a welcome relief.

From across the street, two pairs of furtive eyes watched Pete as he ambled jauntily along. Mike and Gus stood in the dark, sheltered doorway of an apartment house.

"There he goes," Mike whispered. "This is gonna be easy!"

"Yeah. But how're we gonna get rid of him?"

"I got it all figured out. There's an old guy who takes care of the furnaces and acts as a night watchman for all the houses on this side of the street. You go over and tell the cop that this guy is a prowler. While he goes to investigate, we'll crack the jewelry store."

"You think he'll fall for it?" Gus asked.

"Sure We'll wait until he comes around the block again."

They waited there in the dark, crouched down like two animals. Further along the street they saw the old furnace man going into the driveway of the third house from the corner. Then they heard the hollow footsteps Pete made as he came along his beat.

"Now," Mike whispered, "now! Get across the street and tell him what I said. Tell him there's a prowler goin' in the third house along the block!"

"Okay," Gus said, and he moved quickly into the street and across to where Pete was approaching him. He ran up to the policeman.

"Say, officer," Gus panted, "there's a prowler down the street! I seen him! Third house from the corner. He sure looked mean!"

Pete took a quick look at his wrist watch. It was exactly 11:30. "Thanks," he said, "guess I'd better get over there right away, then!" He started off in a lumbering run.

Gus waved frantically to Mike as Pete disappeared from view. Mike scampered quickly across the street, and he and Gus attacked the door of the store. Mike had several fancy steel implements of his own design and the door swung open in a few short seconds. Then they began to ransack the store . . . sweeping the articles . . . watches, rings and bracelets into a small bag Mike had brought along.

. . . Meanwhile, Pete, the rookie cop was running down the street. It was strange to note that he passed the third house from the corner without even looking in that direction. Then he crossed the street and kept right on running. Anyone who saw him would have been inclined to say he was frightened . . . in fact, scared to death. But he wasn't—not Pete.

There was a patrol call box in the middle of the block and that's what he was heading for at full speed. He reached it, jerked the little door open, and rang hurriedly. Harry, the sergeant on night duty, answered.

"Send a car to the corner of Franklin and Dubois right away, Harry! There's gonna be trouble!"

"Right," the sergeant answered. There was a click as he hung up.

Then Pete started running again. He ran completely around the block and stopped by the wall on the same corner where the man had told him there was a prowler down the street. He drew his big .38 police special, pulled back the hammer, and waited.

He didn't have very long to wait. He saw Mike and Gus come sliding out of the alcove in front of the jewelry store.

"Okay, hold it! You're under arrest!" Pete shouted.

"What th—!" Mike hissed, as they drew back into the doorway. "That cop . . . he's onto us! How'd he get wise?"

"I don't know," Gus whispered shakily. "Let's get outa here!"

"I'll take care of that dumb cop!" Mike snarled as he shifted the bag of loot to his left hand and drew a pistol. "Move outa the way, Gus!"

"All right, you guys, come out!" Pete called.

The answer to that command came instantly. BLAM! Mike's pistol roared and the blinding flash split the darkness. Pete jumped back behind the cornice of the building as splinters of brick flew into the air. The slug ricocheted into the street with a dull whine!

Quickly Pete stuck his head around the corner and pulled the trigger of his own gun. One shot was all it took. Mike toppled slowly from the alcove, clutching his right shoulder as he fell to the pavement.

"Come out!" Pete called again, "with your hands in the air . . . or you'll get the same treatment your partner got!"

Gus came slowly forward onto the sidewalk, his hands high in the air. "Don't shoot," he quavered, "you win!"

At that moment, after the shooting was over, the squad car came screaming down the street, siren wailing its unearthly cry. It screeched to a stop and men tumbled out, guns flashing. They hustled the unconscious Mike and the cringing Gus into the car and sped to the precinct police station.

. . . Later, Pete was talking to Harry, the police sergeant, who was leaning on his desk, listening as he explained.

"When did you first know something was wrong?" he asked Pete.

Pete laughed. "Right from the beginning! When you've been in jungle warfare for three years, like I was, you learn to keep your eyes and ears open. Although I'd only been on that beat for a week, I got to know quite a few people, and among them was old Biff, the furnace man."

"The furnace man!" Harry exclaimed. "What'd *he* have to do with it?"

"He had everything to do with it," Pete explained. "He worked on a time schedule that *never varied*. When that thug ran up to me and told me there was a prowler going behind the third house on the block, I just looked at my watch . . . it was 11:30 and the third house was *exactly* where Biff was supposed to be at that time. So I figured something was wrong and somebody was *trying* to pull me out of the way for another reason."

Harry snorted. "You sure outsmarted them nice!"

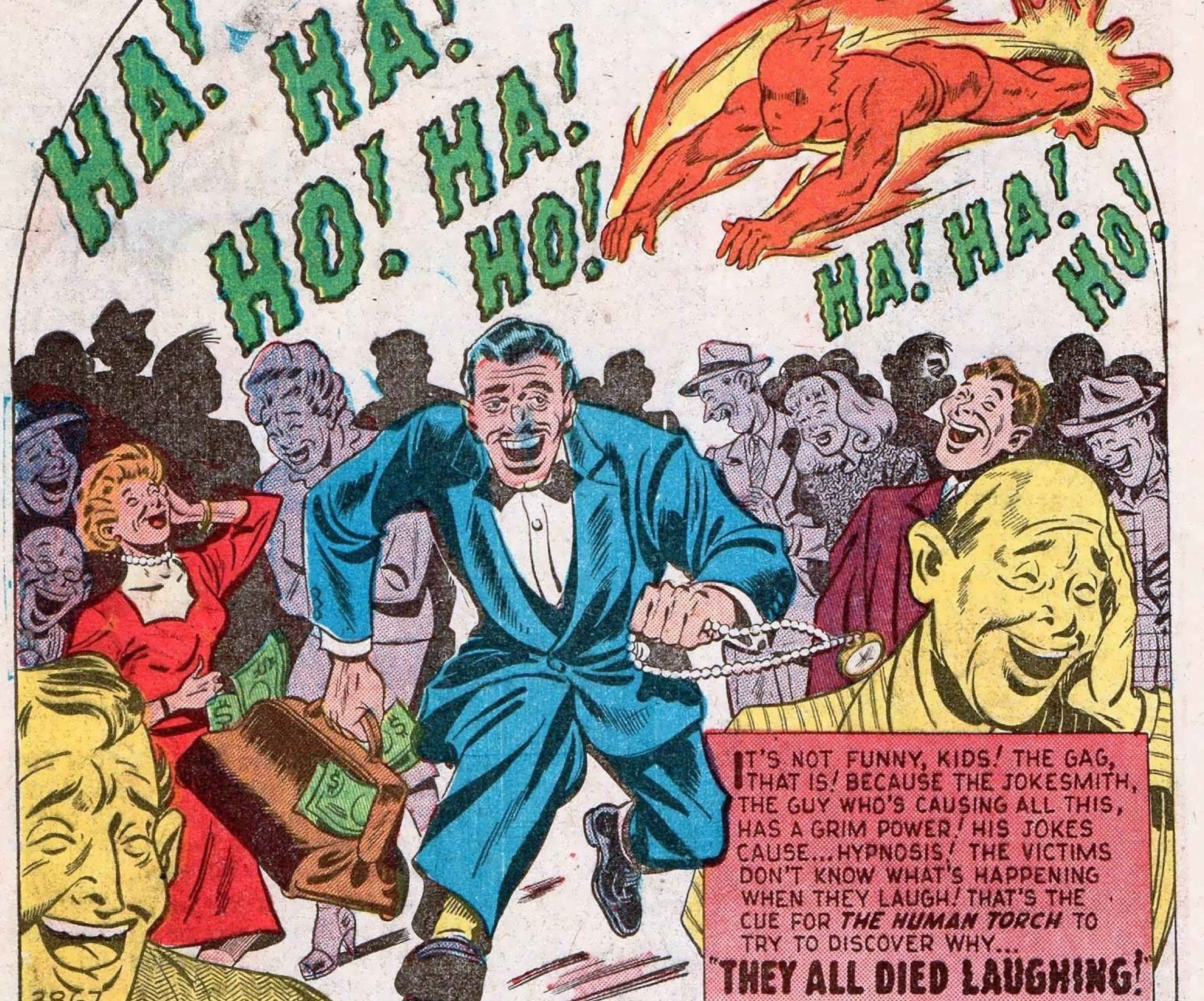
"Yeah. I didn't even stop at the third house; just kept right on going around the block. I only stopped once; that was to call you!"

Harry blushed. "I'm sorry about that, Pete. We got there fast as we could!"

Pete sauntered to the door and looked back at Harry. "Okay, but don't let it happen again. Better late than never, but it's a good thing that I not only learned to keep my eyes open in the South Pacific, but I also learned how to shoot straight! So long, Harry!"

THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH

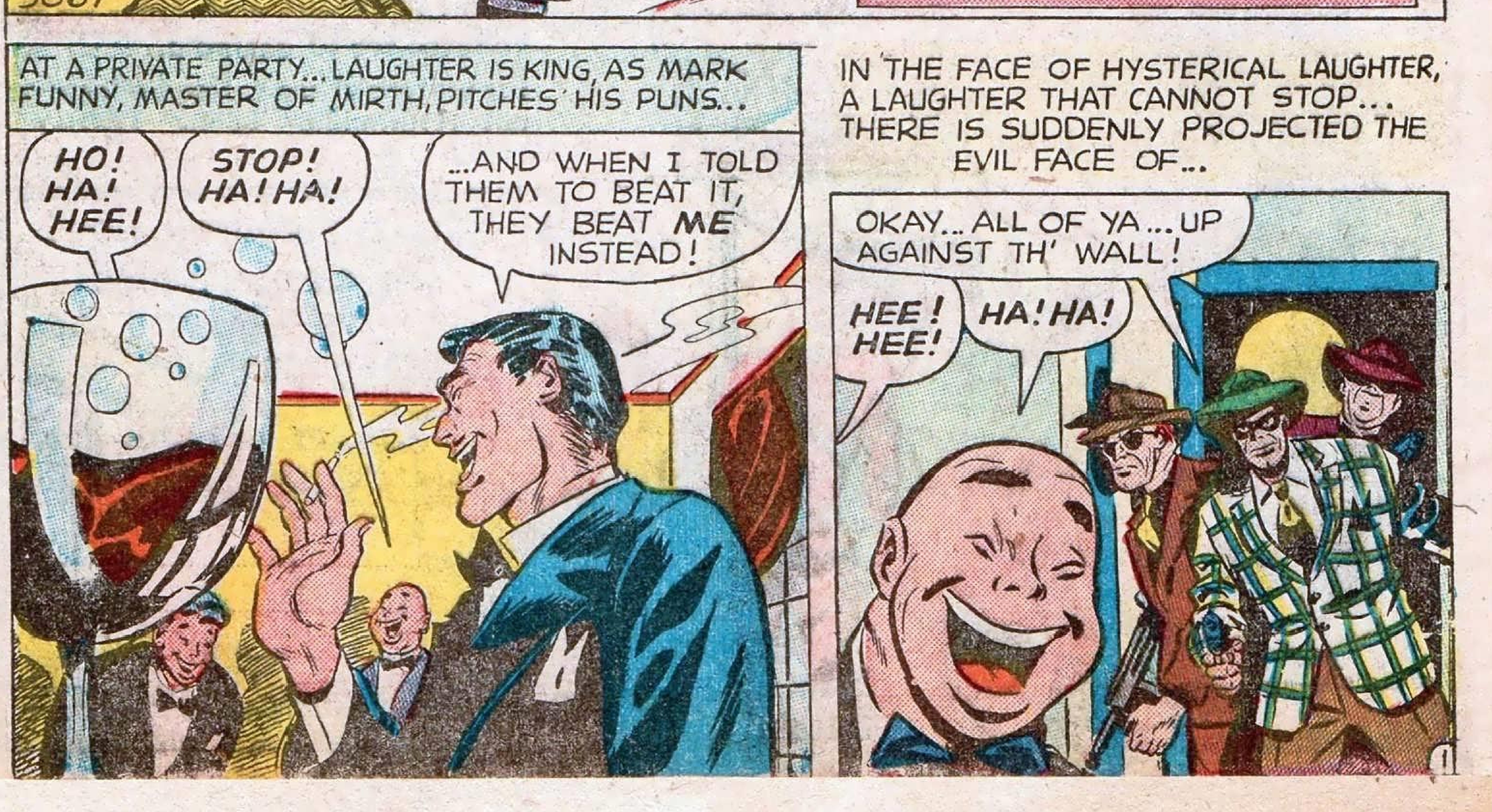

HA! HA! HO! HA! HO!
HA! HA! HO!
3867

IT'S NOT FUNNY, KIDS! THE GAG, THAT IS! BECAUSE THE JOKESMITH, THE GUY WHO'S CAUSING ALL THIS, HAS A GRIM POWER! HIS JOKES CAUSE...HYPNOSIS! THE VICTIMS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING WHEN THEY LAUGH! THAT'S THE CUE FOR *THE HUMAN TORCH* TO TRY TO DISCOVER WHY...

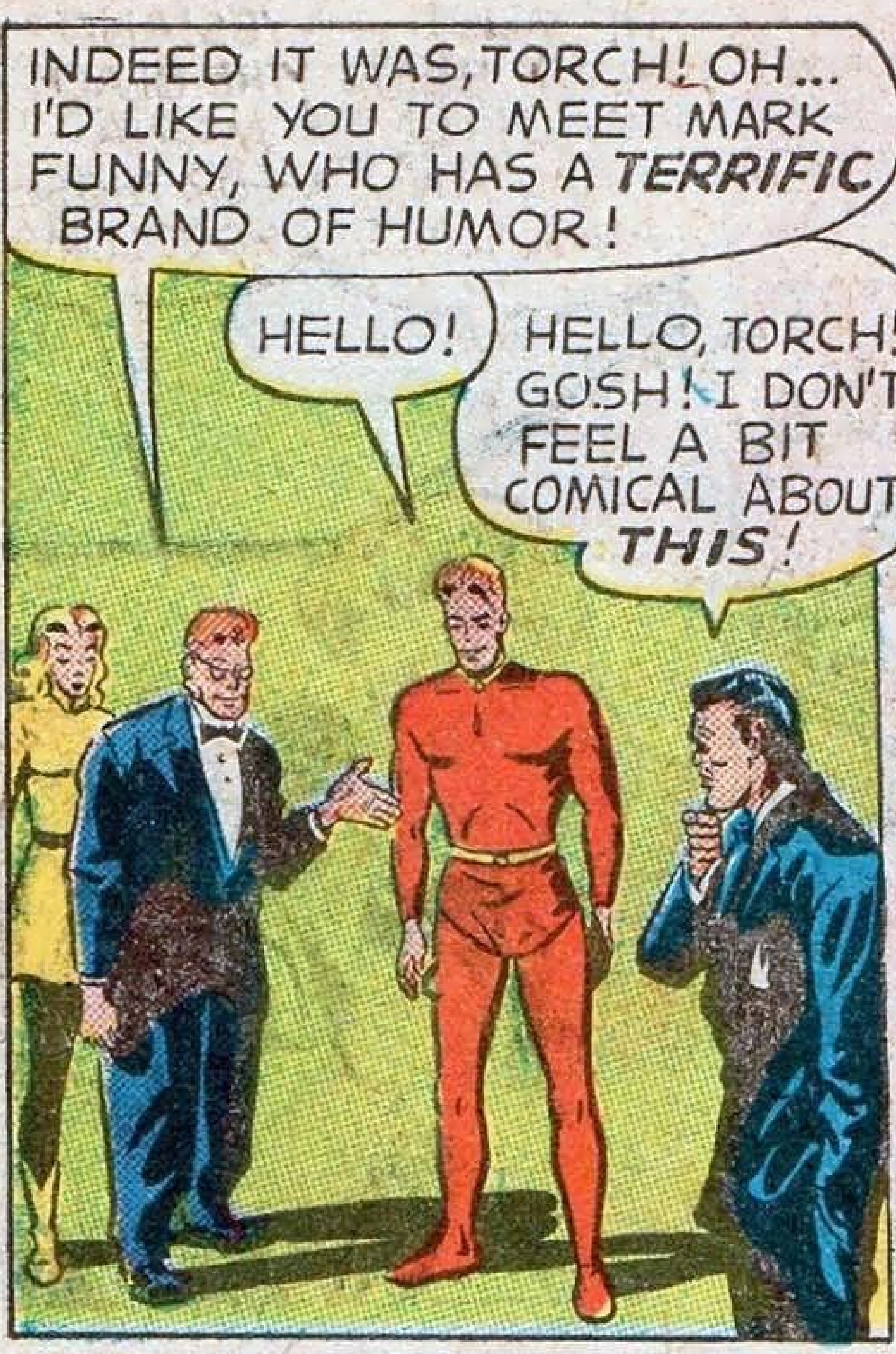
"THEY ALL DIED LAUGHING!"

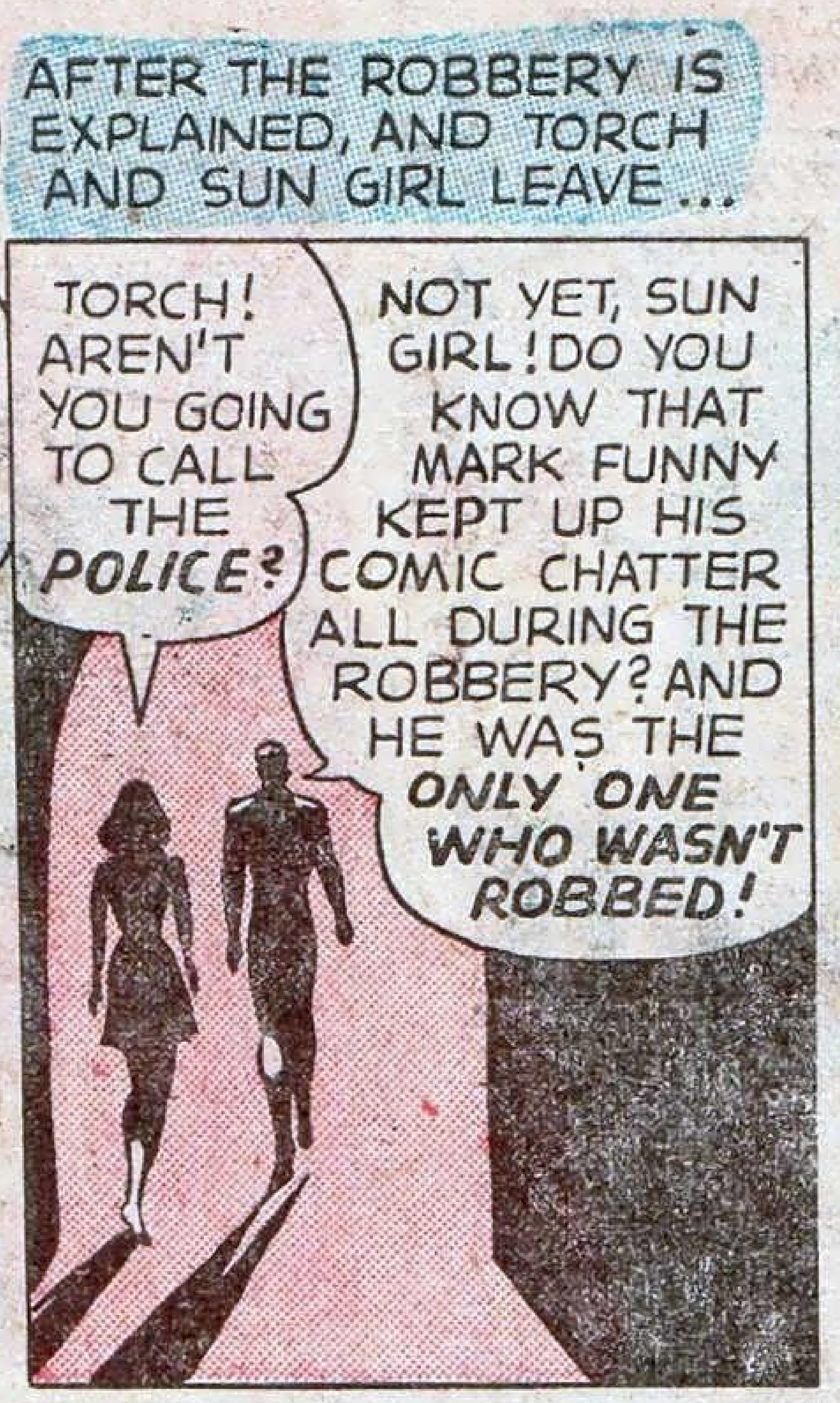
AT A PRIVATE PARTY...LAUGHTER IS KING, AS MARK FUNNY, MASTER OF MIRTH, PITCHES HIS PUNS...

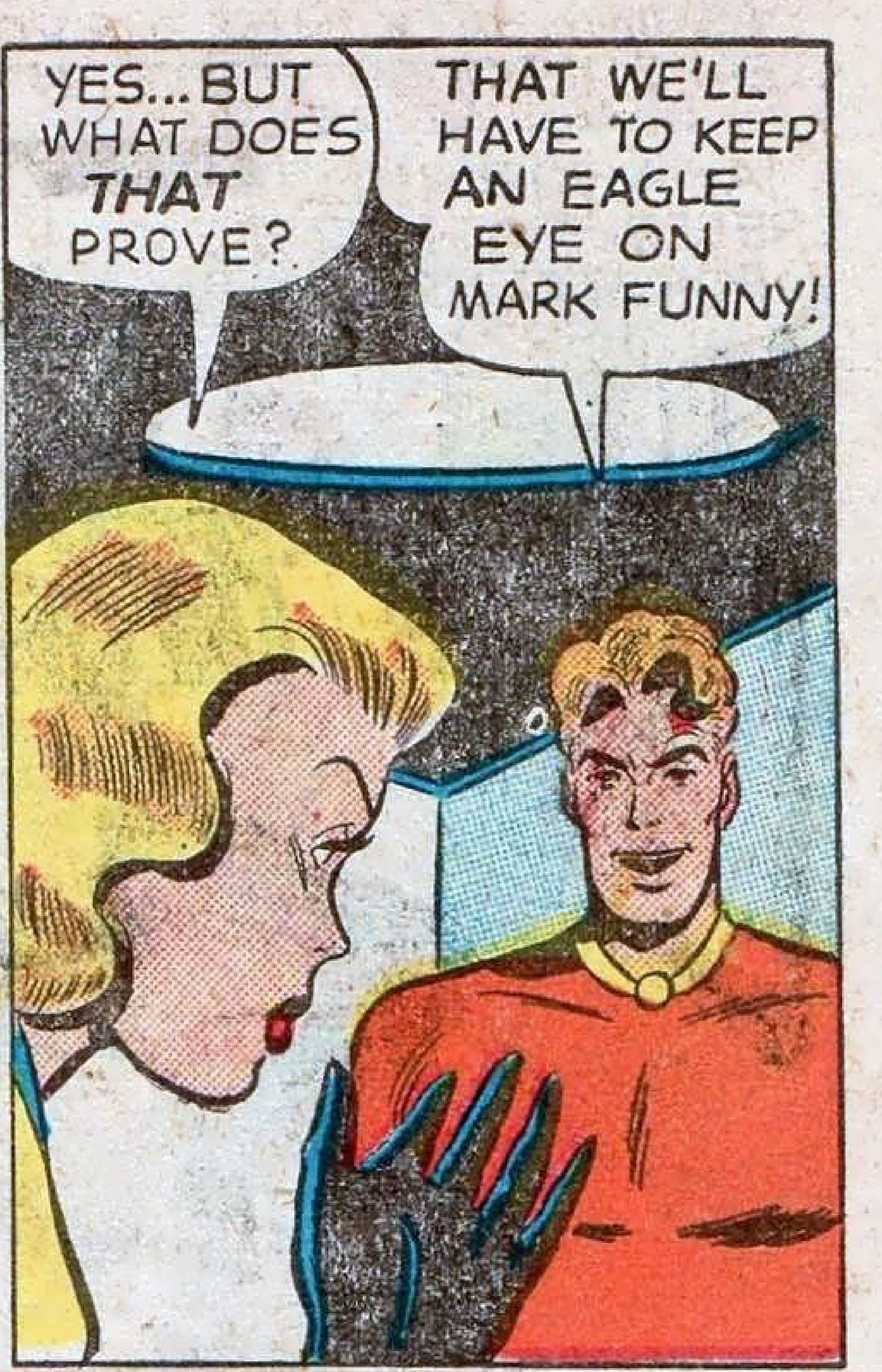
IN THE FACE OF HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER, A LAUGHTER THAT CANNOT STOP... THERE IS SUDDENLY PROJECTED THE EVIL FACE OF...

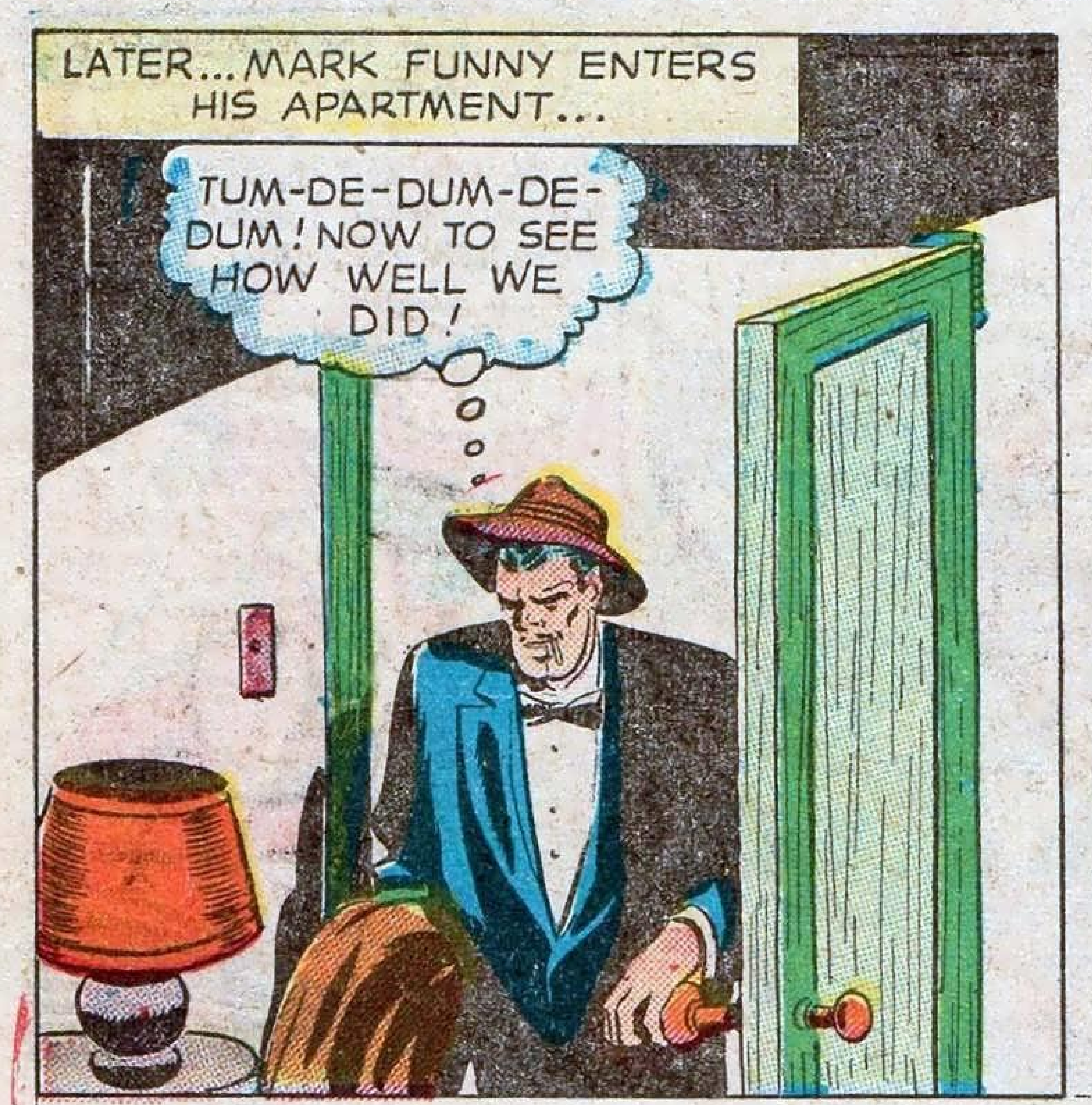

HO! HA! HEE!
STOP! HA! HA!
...AND WHEN I TOLD THEM TO BEAT IT, THEY BEAT **ME** INSTEAD!
OKAY... ALL OF YA... UP AGAINST TH' WALL!
HEE! HEE!
HA! HA!

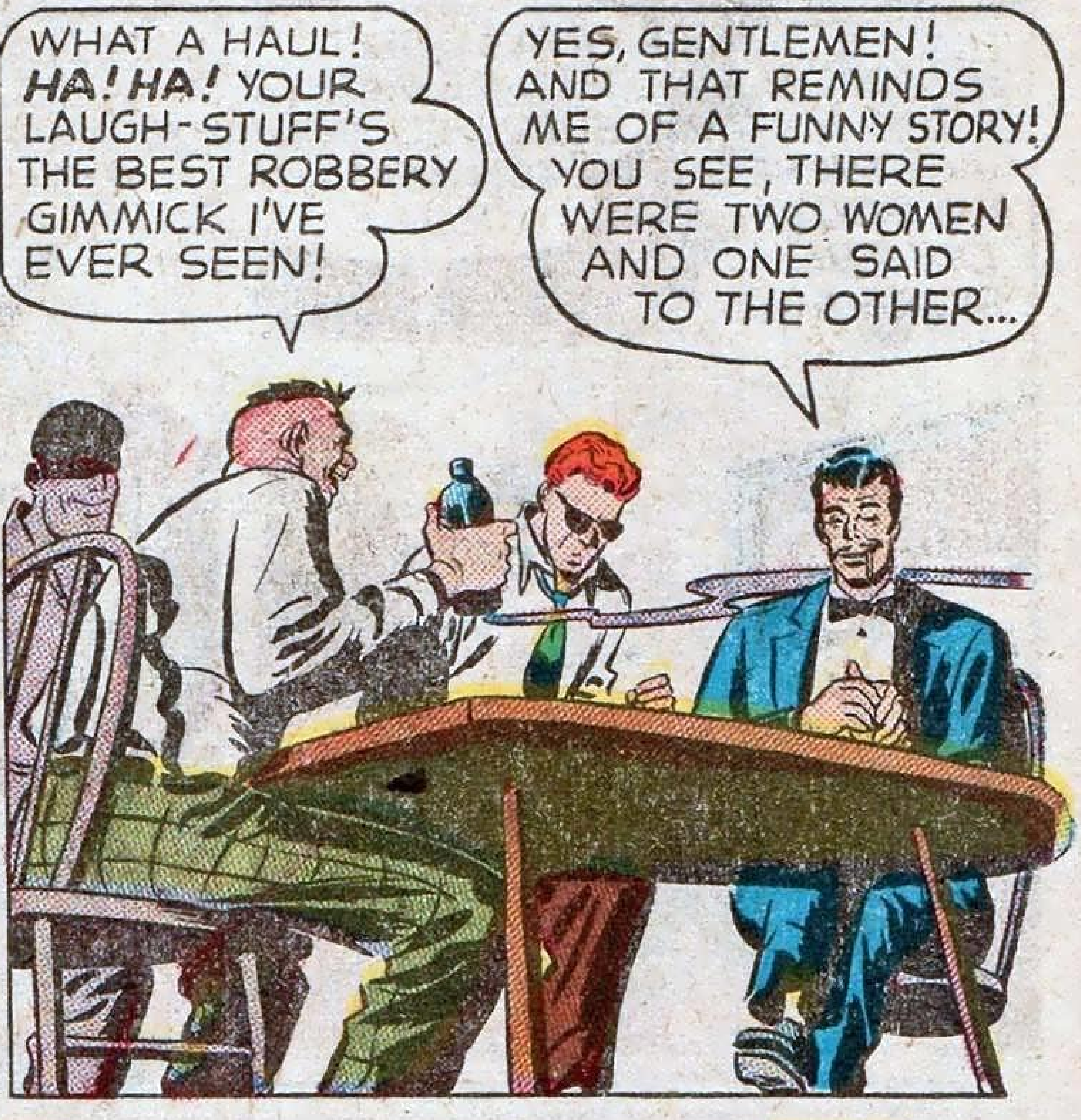
AS THOUGH HELD IN THE SPELL OF HIS OWN HUMOR, MARK FUNNY CONTINUES HIS GAG PATTER...
SO THERE I WAS BEAT AS A BROKEN-DOWN RUG...
HA! HA!
HEE! HEE!
HO, HO! THIS TAKES TH' CAKE! EASY AS STEALIN' PENNIES FROM A NEWSTAND!
LET'S HAVE THOSE PEARLS, LADY! MAKE IT FAST, BOYS, AND WE'LL BLOW OUT OF HERE!
HA! HA!
WHILE THE AUDIENCE IS LOCKED IN THE HYPNOTIC SPASM OF LAUGHTER...TWO INTRUDERS STEAL IN AND COMMIT A STRANGE TYPE OF ROBBERY!
THE THIEVES VANISH...A SUDDEN VICIOUS AWAKENING AS THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF REALITY SHATTERS THE JOVIAL ATMOSPHERE...
HA! HA! EH? WE... WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!
MY...MY PEARLS!
I-I WAS LAUGHING SO MUCH, I COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF, MARK... HARDLY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON!
THIS IS DREADFUL, MR. WALSH! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
WAIT! I DON'T WANT ANY PUBLICITY! I KNOW THE HUMAN TORCH! HE'LL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS!
GOOD IDEA, MR. WALSH!
THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUN GIRL SWIFTLY ANSWER THE CALL FOR HELP...
TORCH AND SUN GIRL! I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME!
HELLO, MR. WALSH! WE CAME OVER AS SOON AS WE COULD! FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME OVER THE PHONE, THIS SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A STRANGE AND BAFFLING CASE!

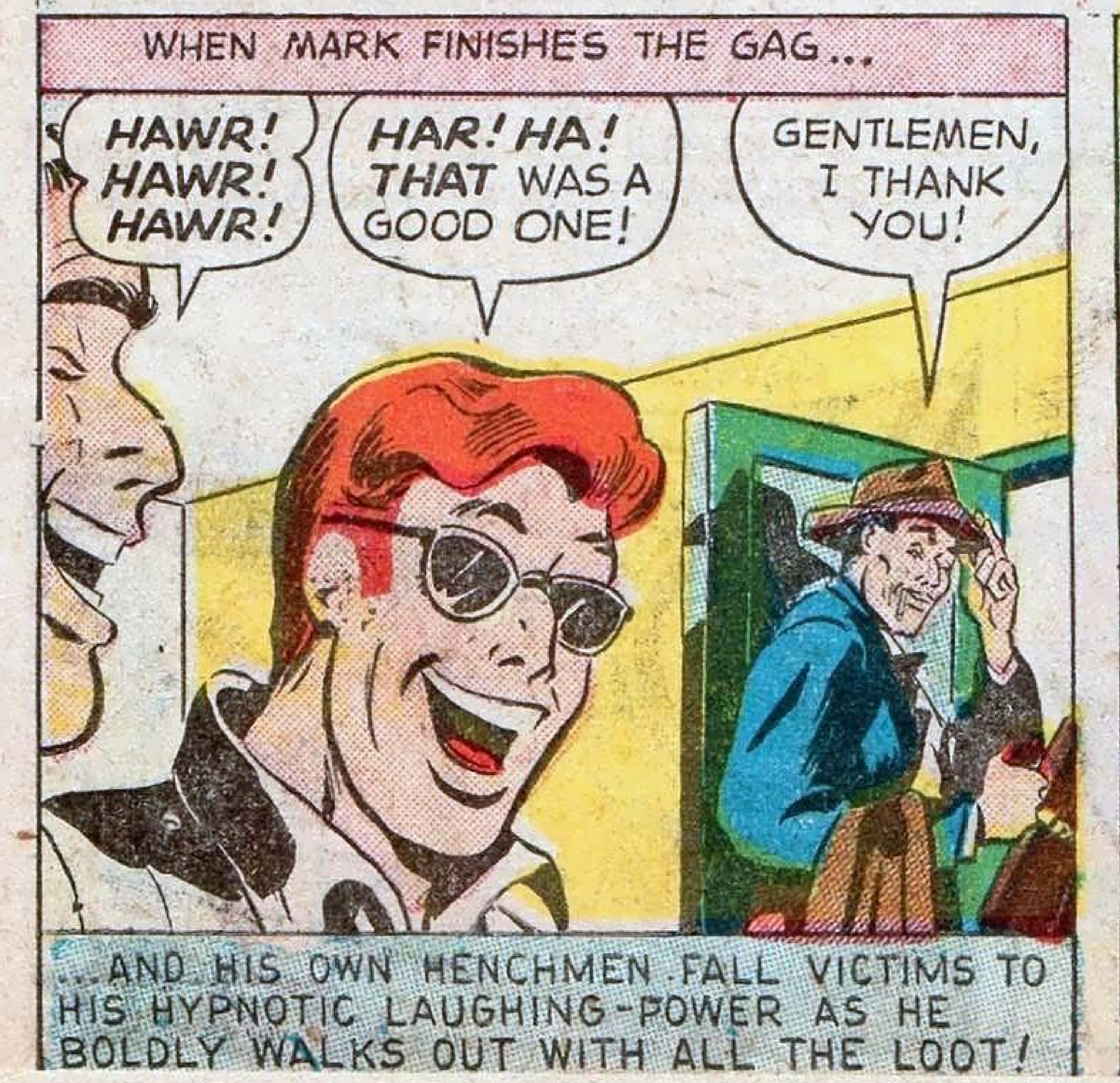

INDEED IT WAS, TORCH! OH... I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MARK FUNNY, WHO HAS A *TERRIFIC* BRAND OF HUMOR!
HELLO!
HELLO, TORCH! GOSH! I DON'T FEEL A BIT COMICAL ABOUT *THIS*!

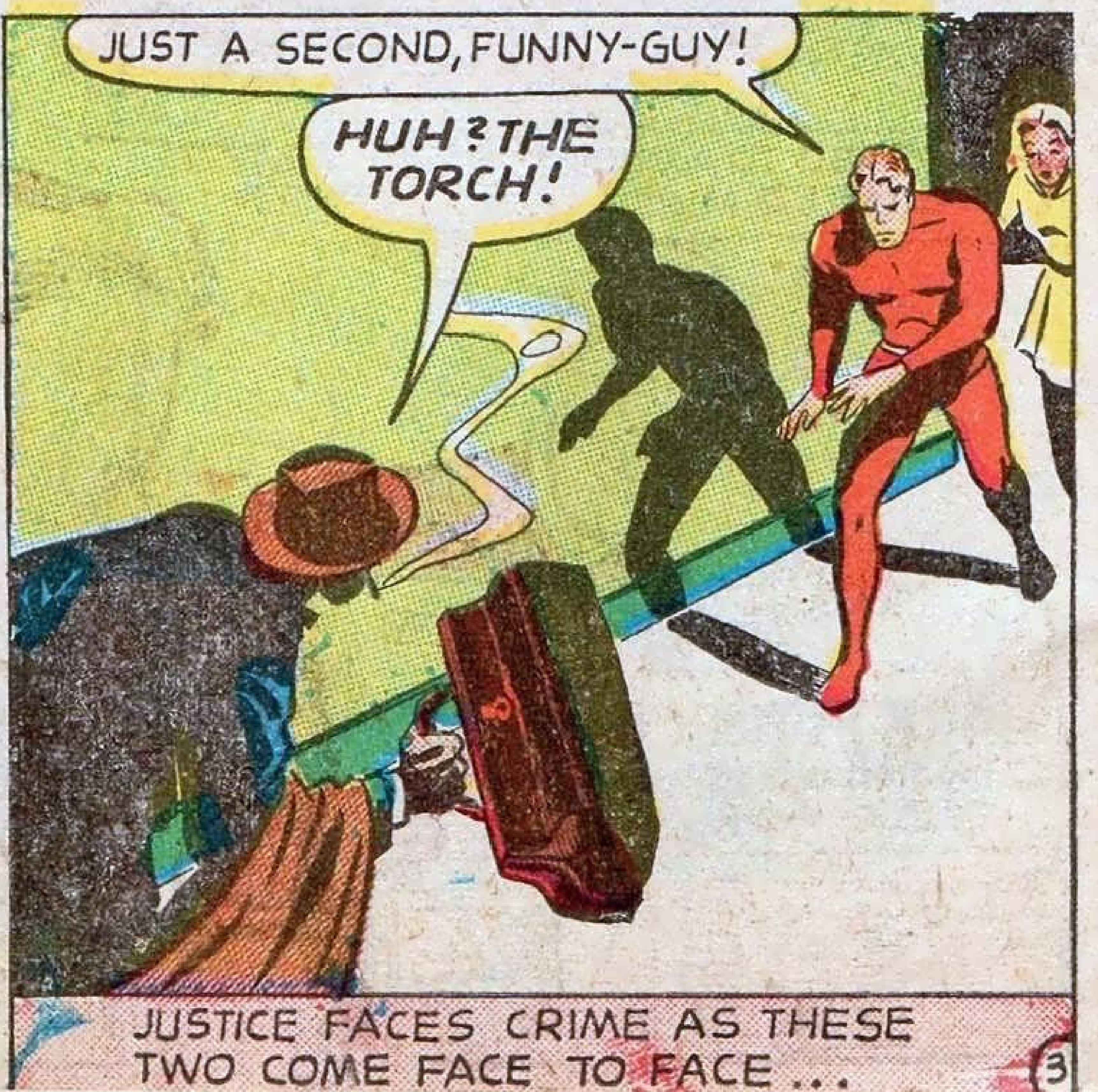

AFTER THE ROBBERY IS EXPLAINED, AND TORCH AND SUN GIRL LEAVE...
TORCH! AREN'T YOU GOING TO CALL THE *POLICE*?
NOT YET, SUN GIRL! DO YOU KNOW THAT MARK FUNNY KEPT UP HIS COMIC CHATTER ALL DURING THE ROBBERY? AND HE WAS THE *ONLY ONE WHO WASN'T ROBBED!*


YES... BUT WHAT DOES *THAT* PROVE?
THAT WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP AN EAGLE EYE ON MARK FUNNY!


LATER... MARK FUNNY ENTERS HIS APARTMENT...
TUM-DE-DUM-DE-DUM! NOW TO SEE HOW WELL WE DID!


WHAT A HAUL! *HA! HA!* YOUR LAUGH-STUFF'S THE BEST ROBBERY GIMMICK I'VE EVER SEEN!
YES, GENTLEMEN! AND THAT REMINDS ME OF A FUNNY STORY! YOU SEE, THERE WERE TWO WOMEN AND ONE SAID TO THE OTHER...


WHEN MARK FINISHES THE GAG...
HAWR! HAWR! HAWR!
HAR! HA! THAT WAS A GOOD ONE!
GENTLEMEN, I THANK YOU!
...AND HIS OWN HENCHMEN FALL VICTIMS TO HIS HYPNOTIC LAUGHING-POWER AS HE BOLDLY WALKS OUT WITH ALL THE LOOT!


JUST A SECOND, FUNNY-GUY!
HUH? THE TORCH!
JUSTICE FACES CRIME AS THESE TWO COME FACE TO FACE...

DASHING BACK INTO THE ROOM, MARK LEAPS THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW...
TA-TA, TORCH! I'LL RESERVE A HARP FOR YOU UP THERE!
TORCH! HE'S GOING TO JUMP!
AIEEEEE!
CRASH!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN MAD! I'LL CALL AN AMBULANCE!
YES! AND THE BLACK MARIA FOR THOSE HOODLUMS!
LATER...
HEY, TORCH! IS THIS A ***GAG? THERE'S NO BODY ON THE SIDEWALK!***
WHA? DON'T TELL ME MARK SURVIVED THAT TEN-STORY FALL!
NO, TORCH... LOOK OUT HERE... A ***SAFETY NET*** ON THE FLOOR BELOW!
EH? SO MARK ISN'T AS MAD AS I THOUGHT! COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO READ UP ON SOME HISTORY AT THE NEWSPAPER MORGUE!
SO THE WILY MARK FUNNY MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE! BUT THE TORCH HASN'T GIVEN UP YET!
LATER, AT THE NEWSPAPER MORGUE...
HOW WILL ***THIS*** HELP US, TORCH?
MARK FUNNY USED TO BE BIG-TIME IN THE NIGHT CLUBS... THEN SOMETHING POPPED... I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THAT SOMETHING WAS!
NEWSPAPER MORGUE
HERE WE ARE! SHOW-BUSINESS PAPER... TWO YEARS BACK! HERE'S THE CLUE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO A ONCE TALENTED MIND!
GO ON, TORCH! I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON!
Daily Note
MARK FUNNY ON SKIDS!
Comedian out of work since Club El Rocko Closed!
AND ANOTHER ITEM A MONTH LATER... "BIG-HEARTED HUGH HALLER, NOTED COMEDIAN, HAS TAKEN MARK FUNNY INTO CUSTODY! SOME CALL IT CHARITY... I CALL IT LOVE OF A FELLOW-COMEDIAN!"
BUT TORCH, WHAT HAS ***THIS*** GOT TO DO WITH MARK'S CURRENT CRIME-CAMPAIGN?
4

MARK FUNNY HAD BECOME A HUMAN DERELICT... A MISERABLE WRECK! PERHAPS HIS FRIEND, HUGH HALLER, CAN GIVE THE ANSWER TO WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!
THAT MEANS WE'RE OFF TO HALLER'S PLACE, EH?
AT HALLER'S COUNTRY HOME...
YEP! MARK WAS A GREAT COMEDIAN... I NURSED HIM BACK TO HEALTH, HELPED HIM IMPROVE HIS HUMOR... BUT IT WAS NO SOAP! HE HELD HIS GRUDGE AGAINST THE SOCIETY THAT PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS! YOU KNOW HE OWNED THE CLUB EL ROCKO! THEN, HE DISAPPEARED ONE DAY FROM THE HOUSE, AND THAT WAS THE LAST I HEARD FROM HIM!
I SEE!
WHAT NOW, TORCH?
WAIT UNTIL HE ACTS AGAIN... AND HE WILL! HIS TYPE CAN'T STOP!
BUT TORCH HAS NOT LONG TO WAIT, FOR EVEN AT THAT MOMENT A LAUGH, FORESHADOWING DEATH, SOUNDS OUT...
HEE! HA! HA! PLEASE STOP! HA! HO! HEE!
HA! HO! HO! HO! HEE! HEE!
WHY, MR. VAN FEW, YOU NEVER LAUGHED THIS HARD WHEN YOU USED TO SEE ME AT THE EL ROCKO BEFORE IT CLOSED! SURE, I'LL STOP THE GAGS... AS SOON AS YOU GIVE ME THE COMBINATION TO THIS SAFE!
HA! HA! HA! HERE... HA! HA! IT'S ON THIS SLIP OF PAPER! HA! HA!
AGAIN MARK'S MYSTERIOUS POWERS ENGULF ANOTHER HYSTERICAL VICTIM!
THANKS FOR THE CASH! AND NOW, A LAST JOKE AS A TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION!
SMACK!
LATER, AS THE MAID ENTERS THE DRAWING ROOM...
YAHHHH! MR. VAN FEW IS DEAD!
THE LAUGHTER IS STILLED! MARK FUNNY'S GAGS HAVE TAKEN A STRANGE, GRIM COURSE!

HEADLINES SCREAM FORTH TALES OF THE FUNNY MAN'S VICTIMS...
~DAILY BUGLE~
EXTRA! VAN FEW FOUND DEAD! Maid Claims Laughter Caused Heart Attack!
FOUR STAR NEWS
LAUGHING DEATH TAKES MILLIONAIRE CLIVE SIMPER!
Night News
LESTER REECE VICTIM! LAUGHTER CAUSES DEATH!
WHILE, AT TORCH'S PLACE...
LOOK, SUN GIRL! IF WE DRAW A LINE ON THIS MAP CONNECTING THE HOUSES OF THE 3 HEART ATTACK VICTIMS, IT FORMS A TRIANGLE! AND IN THE CENTER OF THE TRIANGLE IS HUGH WALLER'S HOUSE!
AND...EACH VICTIM WAS OVER 70 YEARS OLD...HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO INSTANT DEATH BY HEART FAILURE IF HE LAUGHED TOO MUCH! SUN GIRL, I WANT YOU TO HIDE ON THE GROUNDS OF HALLER'S HOUSE AND WAIT FOR ME THERE!
BE GLAD TO, TORCH!
LATER, AS THE TORCH MAKES HIS CALL...
HERE WE ARE... MISTER DE CENTURY'S MANSION! THIS GUY'S OVER NINETY... THE LAST OLD ONE IN HALLER'S NEIGHBORHOOD! SAY! WHAT'S THAT?
HA! HO!
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT MISTER DE CENTURY'S ENGAGED AT THE MOMENT!
IS THAT HIM LAUGHING? ONE SIDE, JEEVES... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
HEE! HEE!
TORCH BLAZES INTO THE ROOM...
HA! HA! OH-H... PLEASE STOP! HA! HA!
TORCH!
YOU'VE SPUN YOUR LAST WEB OF HUMOR, MARK!
TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME AS HE ALIGHTS ON THE FLOOR...
OH-H! MY HEART... MY HEART! MEDICINE... IN TABLE... QUICK!
FUNNY'S GETTING AWAY... BUT I CAN'T STOP HIM NOW! I'VE GOT TO HELP DE CENTURY!

AHH-H... I FEEL MUCH BETTER! THANK YOU FOR STOPPING THAT SCOUNDREL!
THAT "SCOUNDREL" GOT AWAY! I'LL GIVE HIM A FEW MINUTES HEAD START!
MINUTES LATER, THE HUMAN TORCH ZOOMS OUT OF THE HOUSE...
SUN GIRL SHOULD BE BUSY BY THIS TIME, IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT!
ON HALLER'S ESTATE...
GOOD GIRL! I THOUGHT HE WAS HIDING AROUND HERE!
YES! I CAUGHT HIM TRYING TO GO THROUGH A CELLAR WINDOW!
MARK!
YEAH, HUGH! THEY GOT ME! SORRY I HAD TO DRAG YOU INTO THIS, BUT YOUR BASEMENT WAS THE ONLY SECRET PLACE FOR ME TO HIDE OUT!
THERE GOES ONE OF THE BEST COMEDIANS IN THE WORLD! TOO BAD THE GRUDGE HE HELD AGAINST SOCIETY WARPED HIS MIND!
RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT USING HUMOR TO KILL PEOPLE!
SOME TIME LATER...
WHY SO GLOOMY, TORCH?
I WAS JUST THINKING... IF MARK HAD CONCENTRATED ON LEGITIMATE ENTERTAINMENT, HE WOULD'VE BEEN GOOD FOR $5,000 A WEEK... NOW ALL HE HAS TO LOOK FORWARD TO IS 5,000 VOLTS IN THE CHAIR!
THE GRIM GRAY WALLS OF THE STATE PEN...
HA! HA! HA! COME ON, MARK, LISTEN TO THIS GAG!
GO TELL IT TO THE WARDEN, FUNNY-MAN!
THE END

GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION GIVEN

BOYS

GIRLS

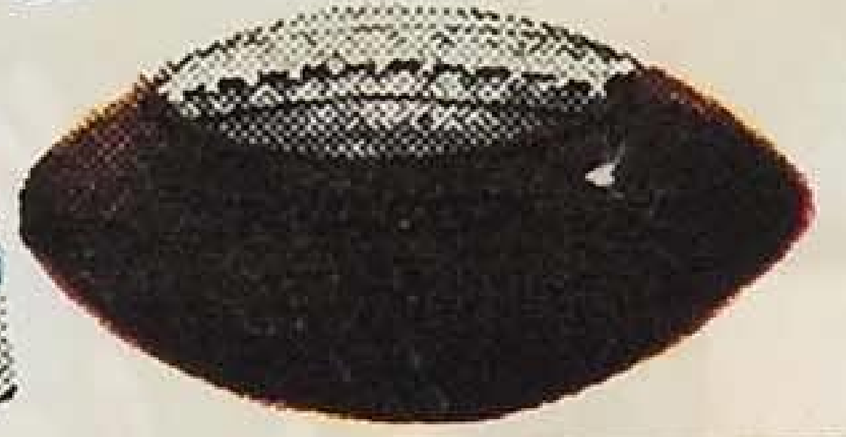
SEND NO MONEY NOW

WE TRUST YOU - Our 53rd Yr.

MAIL COUPON

ACT NOW

1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Genuine 22 caliber Rifles, Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Footballs, Watches (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for chaps and mild burns, easily sold to friends neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with art picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today for starting order. We are reliable. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-A, Tyrone, Pa.**



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ACT NOW

BOYS GIRLS

LADIES MEN

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premuims or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Our 53rd year. **Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 148-B, Tyrone, Pa.**

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NO MONEY NOW

WE TRUST YOU

BOYS GIRLS MEN LADIES

Superheterodyne Radios, Candid Cameras, School Boxes, Blankets, Aluminum ware (sent postage paid). Radio Steel Wagons, body size 34 x 15½ x 4½, Wheels 10" double disc - sent **exp. charges collect.**

Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 53rd year. Be first.

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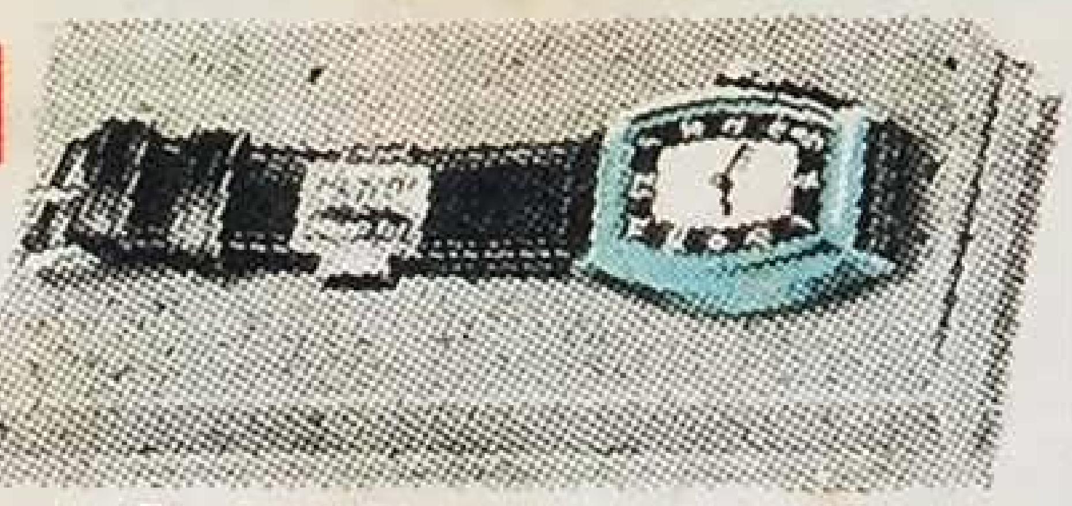
GIVEN

PREMIUMS or CASH Commission



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Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 12 colorful art pictures with 12 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name .... Age.......

St. .... RD....... Box.......

Town .... Zone No....... State.......

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW